HOW THE FBI SPOTTED ME **VERN L. BULLOUGH**

THE NATION

JULY 9-16, 1977 60 cents

JAMES WILLIAM BROWN
The Ill-Provisioned Voyage

GREECE SAILS INTO THIS CENTURY

Self-Image of a 'Natural Aristocracy'

What Flows From Neo-Conservatism
ISIDORE SILVER

BUTNER, THE JINXED PRISON
Mark Pinsky

MORSE PECKHAM

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EDITORIALS

The People Killer

The American military has always wanted to domesticate the atom. If only they could make it less fearsome they could march it right into the barracks to join the "conventional" arsenal of death-dealing weapons. No more talk of "holocaust," no more mushroom images, no memory of the blasted faces of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki survivors. Nuclear weaponry would join the "family" in a modern superpower's defensive (of course) array.

It now seems that the military has taken a big step toward this goal. As might have been expected, it was done behind everyone's back, including the President's. Walter Pincus revealed this in a *Washington Post* story of June 24 that sheds a quite awful light on the casual and uncontrollable way in which matters of life and death are handled by our government. One of the many extraordinary aspects of this revelation is that the news got out because there was an item in an appropriations bill in Congress for a civilian agency. It was buried in a $10-billion-dollar money bill for "public works," in a part covering the Energy Research and Development Administration. The hand of the Pentagon therefore never had to show, at least not until there was a strange slip in classification procedures.

The weapon in question is called a neutron warhead. It can be fired either by rocket or in artillery shells of 8-inch or 155-millimeter caliber (infantry divisions have these guns in their heavy artillery battalions). This means that the neutron would become a "tactical weapon," a term that sounds less frightening than "strategic," with its "city-busting" overtones.

What is the special quality of the neutron as a weapon? Quite simply, it is that it kills by radiation of a very intense sort, not by blast and heat. It destroys people, not property. Another attractive feature is that its kind of radiation does not linger long on the battlefield—the attackers can move right in and bury its victims before they rot. So the men fall and the buildings stand and life can resume with new occupants, the victors.

The Pentagon is ecstatic about this new weapon. Pincus quotes military sources on the more likely use of it just because there is so little blast and heat ("collateral damage"). Therefore it is "a more positive deterrent." The adversary would know that we would use this arm, goes this rationale, because there would be no lengthy reconstruction of housing and factories. Thus he would be deterred from provoking us into a war in which he knew the neutron would be deployed. But if the famous deterrence failed, then it would be "more humane" to radiate to death enemy troops—and any noncombatant bystanders—than to blast and burn them.

This tale of the "enhanced radiation warhead" offers a rare glimpse into the military mind in its most modern convolution. Beyond that, and even more important, it proves how frighteningly casual is the process by which our weapons, and consequently our strategy, are made. *The Washington Post*, in an editorial on June 26, writes that "President Ford, it seems, was at best minimally briefed before he let money for neutron-warhead production slip into the budget stream." That lethal flow has not been checked by President Carter, who could and should have redlined it from the budget he inherited. Now he says he will make his decision by autumn.

It would be much better if Congress were to knock the neutron out of the current appropriation request, on the ground that this radical weaponry has never been properly considered by any responsible authority. Then, if Carter decided in favor of the tactically irradiated battlefield and "bought" the neutron, he would have to make a positive case for its adoption, complete with the "arms control impact statement" that the law requires of every new type of weapon. It is amazing that, during a period of negotiations on arms control, this statement as to the probable Russian reactions to a new weapons system is absent from the Congressional "deliberations."

The most alarming aspect of the neutron matter is the off-hand way in which the government of the United States has handled it. By accident we learn of it. It could have been deployed to hundreds of artillery pieces on the NATO front without anyone (but the Russian spies) being the wiser. The nuclear dice are cast in the darkness. It is appalling that this should be so.

Out of the Closet

Anita Bryant is the best thing ever to happen to American homosexuals. That was borne out on June 26, when they took to the streets to celebrate a "World Day of Gay Pride." Some 40,000 marched in San Francisco (where estimates put one-eighth of the population as homosexuals). "Tens of thousands," according to *The New York Times*, paraded up Fifth Avenue. In Barcelona, of all places, 4,000 homosexual marchers were dispersed by police. The impressive size of the demonstrations (perhaps the biggest since the anti-war movement), the number of other groups aligning themselves with homosexuals, and the liberal politicians who scurried to get on the marchers' good side mean that the issue has exploded out of the closet. The country must now squarely face it as a political issue, uncomfortable though that may be.

The immediate question is whether homosexuals should be legally protected against discrimination. But debate on that problem inevitably touches a deeper one: what is homosexuality? Is it a socially induced neurosis that dooms its victims to a life of misery? Is it biologically determined? To what extent is the weird behavior and evident unhappiness of some homosexuals attributable to the opprobrium often attached to them? In other words, does "straight" society need to be protected against an infectious "disease," or do homosexuals need protection from "straight" hostility and intolerance?

As taboos fade, and as Gay Mobilization forces Americans to explore their prejudices, it becomes obvious that the homosexuals are the ones in need of legal help. Scientists still do not agree on the causes of homosexuality, though some recent research suggests that there may be a biological difference between heterosexuals and homo-

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sexuals. But the notion that homosexuals frequently seduce children, thus wreaking permanent damage on them (which is often advanced as a reason for keeping homosexuals out of schools, camps, etc.) seems to be fallacious. Not only do some studies show that homosexuals are less likely than heterosexuals to seduce children, but most authorities agree that a person's sexuality is formed before the age of 5, so that a seduction might release latent tendencies but can hardly "make" someone homosexual. If all homosexuals did indeed lead unhappy lives, there might still be some reason for shielding youngsters from their own tendencies; but there is evidence that homosexual couples live in harmony equal to that of the average heterosexual couple.

Nor is there any proof that homosexuality is "spreading," and therefore a threat to the family or population growth. While between 5 and 10 percent of Americans may be homosexual, that has probably long been the case; homosexuals today seem more numerous because they are more open. Other common ideas about homosexuals—that they are given to violence, for instance, that they are incapable of sustained love, that they are sinners in the eyes of God—are either ridiculous, equally true of heterosexuals or not supported by the facts.

Homosexuals thus do not constitute some sexual fifth column engaged in sabotaging the social fabric. On the other hand, there is no doubt that they have been the victims of bigotry. (The Anita Bryant "Save Our Children" campaign in Miami is just the latest example.)

In considering legal remedies, some have expressed uneasiness about the state's involvement in the sexual aspect of our private lives. The fact is, however, that the state has been involved all along, through myriad laws, regulations and unofficial policies that discriminate against homosexuals in such areas as child custody, immigration, public housing, civil service employment and the armed forces.

The struggle to end discrimination against homosexuals will have to be won on the battlefield of public opinion, but state action to ban *official* discrimination would be a welcome step. Such action is now under consideration in the House. Thirty-nine Representatives are sponsoring a bill that would amend the 1964 Civil Rights Act so as to prohibit discrimination on the basis of "affectional preference." That is an ungainly phrase, but it reflects a reality that can no longer be ignored.

Second-Class Heroes

Congress has repeatedly shown a spiteful meanness toward the veterans of the war in Vietnam. It is as if the legislators were placing the blame for that disastrous adventure on the men they drafted to fight in it. Congress has consistently refused to raise the niggling level of G.I. benefits for veterans of that war—they are substan-

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation begins its fortnightly summer schedule with this issue, dated July 9-16.

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tially below those for men who fought in World War II or in Korea. And just a few days ago the Senate struck from a $7 billion appropriation bill a provision that would have allowed the administration to use a small sum to carry out the President's pardon of the draft resisters. It would seem on the face of it that this ugly action was unconstitutional, a direct interference by the legislature in the President's power to pardon (remember the smooth sailing for Ford's pardon of Nixon and all those accompanying emoluments?).

The White House indeed takes the view that the Senate's action poses "some serious constitutional problems," but the chance of restoring the money for Carter's already too-limited pardon program seems remote. During the debate on this measure, Senator Hollings of South Carolina, a Democrat who is not usually counted among the more savage members of that body, declared with unforgivably misplaced sentimentality that he was against this program to "forgive and forget" because "I can't forget the 56,000 sent over there who never did come back." Of course Hollings was wrong on the facts —the Carter program is carefully and deliberately *not* one that offers amnesty; it is a restricted plan for some pardons and some upgrading of bad discharges. Now even that small-minded process will be harder to carry out.

On June 22 a quite shaming picture of the fate of the Vietnam veterans was presented to the Senate Subcommittee on Veterans Affairs. It was based on a sample of 346 of these men in the Cleveland area whose postwar lives had been studied by a psychologist from Cleveland State University, John P. Wilson. Among his findings were that unemployment amounted to 48 percent for the blacks and 39 percent for the whites, that 41 percent of both groups had alcohol problems and that only in the matter of drug problems did the whites (with 67 percent) lead the blacks (with 59 percent)—an amazing proportion in both cases.

When asked if they would serve in "another Vietnam tomorrow," 95 percent replied "absolutely not," a proportion only slightly exceeding the 90 percent who said they had no trust in their government. "For the black veteran," Wilson concludes, "life since Vietnam has been one hassle after another"—no training, no jobs, no credit. It is as bleak a picture of neglect and discrimination as could be painted. These, too, are fallen warriors, deprived of existence in as careless a way as their fallen comrades, mourned by Hollings, were deprived of their lives.

Congress has also heard testimony (reported by Colman McCarthy in *The Washington Post* of June 28) of a disturbing political sort. Ralph C. Thomas III, a Vietnam veteran who runs the discharge review division of the Harvard Law School's Committee on Military Justice, told the House Committee on Veterans Affairs that "during the Vietnam era more bad discharges were sparked by political considerations than during any other American war." Typically, he testified, "an unpopular political opinion to the wrong superior officer was usually the beginning of the wheels' being set in motion for a less than honorable discharge," no matter the rest of the soldier's record.

The evidence presented by both Wilson and Thomas makes mockery of the statement by Mississippi Rep. G.V. Montgomery, a Democratic "patriot." His absurd and insulting comment was: "I do not see the difference between the Vietnam War, the Korean War or World War II. They are all wars. The persons fighting the wars cannot tell any difference."

It is hard to imagine a more obtuse or insensitive statement. Famously, as Thomas testified, the merits of the Vietnam expedition were vigorously debated by the soldiers we sent out there. And Montgomery's fantasy that a democracy can draft men to fight any old war, for whatever purpose, and expect them to behave as automata in the service of the flag is clearly nonsense of a vicious kind.

The plain fact is that the war in Vietnam was very different from those other two wars with which it is repeatedly compared. It affected the soldiers who fought it differently, and now it affects differently the public (hence Congressional) attitude toward those soldiers as veterans. The country understood and generally supported the purposes of those other wars; it was baffled when it was not outraged by Vietnam.

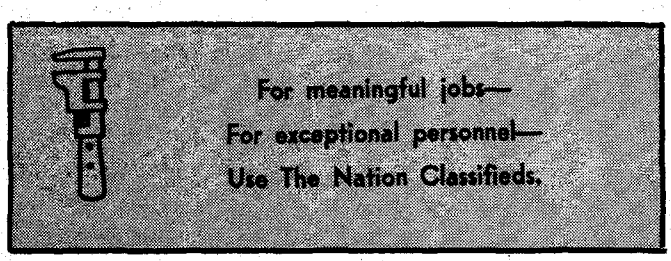
Is there a hope that Congress as a whole will ever recognize this truth and act on it? That seems doubtful at best. Only eight of the 535 members of Congress are veterans of Vietnam. A large majority was in uniform in either World War II or Korea and their attitudes were formed and frozen by that fact. They recall the warm reception they got when they came home as "heroes," combat or chairborne, from those acceptable or popular wars. With an utter lack of imagination, they expect that the veterans of the dreadful war in Vietnam should feel the same warm glow, no matter how they are treated by their neglectful government.

And so Congress goes on punishing the young men who fought there—for its own mistakes and stupidities. It is a long-running and disgusting spectacle.

Read It and Weep

A letter to the editor of *The Washington Post* the other day said that the writer would establish a fund to pay for chiseling the name of J. Edgar Hoover off the FBI Building. He was particularly incensed by the recent revelation that, even in his salad days of the 1920s, Hoover was more an ideological spy-master than a federal investigator concerned with enforcing the laws. Back in those relatively innocent times the Director was sniffing around the American Civil Liberties Union, trying to get some kind of intimidating goods on it.

Since then, of course, the reputation of the FBI as a



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lawbreaker has become much better known than its record as enforcer of the law. For every malefactor brought to book, dozens of Americans were deprived of their lawful rights by the operations of Hoover's white-collar gumshoes.

The sorry record of J. Edgar Hoover's exploits on and beyond the fringes of the Constitution was not so well known when he was extracting from the Congressional bigwigs who fawned on him tens of millions of dollars to build that pompous fortress they named in his honor. It is the most grotesque of the public buildings that line Pennsylvania Avenue, an insulting chunk of stone laid down for the eye to trip over along what should be a magnificent prospect. And in large letters chiseled deeply enough to last for centuries is the legend: "J. Edgar Hoover F.B.I. Building."

Most monuments commemorate a person or an idea a country wants to cherish. That is what the man who wrote to the *Post* had in mind when he offered to help pay for erasing Hoover's name. But perhaps it should be left up there, an ostentatious vulgarity, a grandiloquent reminder of a period we would like to forget but should be made to remember. Otherwise we are surely condemned to repeat it.

Miners' Post-Election Blues

Phil Primack

Arnold Miller managed to draw more votes than either of his opponents in the United Mine Workers election June 14. [See Primack, "Falling Apart Under Miller," *The Nation*, June 11.] But whether he will formally begin a second five-year term as union president in December is not certain. Indeed, very little is certain in the UMWA right now, except disarray and frustration at a time when a coal miners' union should be in the forefront of energy leadership.

Union tellers haven't issued final returns, but most parties go along with figures reported in *Coal Patrol*, published by Brophy Associates in Washington. Miller got 56,600 votes (40 percent); executive board member Lee Roy Patterson received 33 percent, and UMWA Secretary-Treasurer Harry Patrick trailed with 27 percent. Patterson spokesmen say their man did one or two points better than that.

Only about half of all miners even voted, despite the intensity of the contest. More significantly, *Coal Patrol* noted that three of every five working miners voted against Arnold Miller, putting him "in a very tough spot as the union gears up for bargaining this fall."

Had the race been between Miller and former Tony Boyle supporter Patterson, the latter would probably have won. That would have been widely interpreted as a defeat for a union reform movement, but in fact it would have been a rejection of the administrative incompetence of Arnold Miller, pure and simple. The third man in the race, former Miller ally Harry Patrick, gained remarkably in the last weeks of the campaign. A Pat Caddell poll had shown him with only 16 percent of the vote in mid-May. He nearly doubled that by visiting scores of bathhouses, talking about hard issues with the men who live and work with them.

Had the election been held just one week later, the rejection of Miller would probably have been overwhelming. For just a day after the election, the UMWA Health and Retirement Funds sent out notices informing nearly 800,000 beneficiaries of a major cutback in payments and coverage. The letters cited wildcat strikes which have sapped the flow of royalty dollars to the Funds. Informed observers say the Funds had options short of outright cutbacks but that the industry wanted to teach miners a lesson about continued wildcats. (The industry has one vote, the union one vote, and there is one neutral member.) What has infuriated the miners, however, is not just the cutbacks but murky circumstances surrounding the action.

Toward the end of the campaign, Patrick had predicted just such a cutback and claimed that electoral politics were preventing the move from being announced until after the voting. The union's trustee to the Funds, Washington attorney Harry Huge, had contributed $1,000 to the Miller campaign; both Patrick and Patterson had pledged to remove him. Reporters have since determined that the letters to beneficiaries were printed one day after the election; obviously the actual cutback decision had been made well before June 14. Patrick condemned such "cold-blooded use" of the situation to "poison the election." Huge, he said, condoned a cover-up of the Funds' action to protect Miller from a reaction, particularly from pensioners who, it turned out, were a major bloc of Miller support.

"The fix was in," said an aide to Patrick, who is pondering an appeal to the union's executive board, many members of which don't much like Miller. But Patrick fears a new election could result in a Patterson win, as Patrick is already badly in debt. For his part, Patterson has challenged the election on such grounds as his poor position on the ballot. He believes a majority of the executive board will back his call for a rerun election.

Despite his misgivings, Patrick is also leaning toward a formal challenge, based on alleged collusion between Miller and the Funds and other charges. The board may well call for an August rerun, which Miller would probably appeal to the Labor Department, the courts, or both.

As it is, miners are already reordering the vote in the only direct way they have: just one week after the voting, anger over the health and retirement cuts sparked coalfield-wide wildcat strikes. The industry condemns wildcats, of course, and the federal government is increasingly alarmed by them, but they are the miners' only source of immediate punch, particularly as their international union

Phil Primack, a free-lance journalist based in Washington, has written extensively on poverty and related issues. He is working on a book-length analysis of the Teamsters union.

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leadership continues to wallow.

A key contract demand in this year's contract talks will be the right of a local to strike when a majority of its members approve. The union would do well to demand also that the industry come up with a way other than tonnage royalties to finance health and pension costs. As it is, the royalty system effectively deters strikes, something the industry realizes and is prepared to use for its own purposes.

Indeed, some coal field observers believe that some segments of the coal industry plan to bust the UMWA, perhaps even this year. Miller wasn't able to lead his union properly before the election, was rejected by nearly two-thirds of working miners during the election, and has now been further weakened by the Funds dispute. The union's leadership is more discredited than ever, the membership more alienated than ever. Just possibly the industry may decide simply to ignore the UMWA as a serious bargaining agent and seek individual contracts instead. It's not exactly likely, since more sensible industry leaders know that in the long run even greater disorder would result. But the mere fact that it is a possibility epitomizes the state of the UMWA.

Right now, Miller has as little staff as he has support to negotiate any contract, and seven of them expire simultaneously this year. A long coal strike appears inevitable. Reportedly, the Carter administration is preparing steps and possibly even anti-strike legislation for that event.

Such chaos could not come at a worse or more ironic time for the coal miners themselves. They, and their communities, are being asked to dig the coal to power a nation. Yet Carter comes up with an energy message that doesn't even mention mine safety. Congress keeps weakening a strip-mine bill that is already half-baked. Appalachians continue to face massive nonresponse from government to such pressing needs as housing, health and education. Carter may talk about accessibility, but harsh facts tell otherwise, in places like southern West Virginia where thousands of coal field residents remain homeless and unaided three months after devastating floods. [See "Relief Is the Real Disaster" by Robert E. Wise Jr., *The Nation*, July 2.]

Such issues beg for the kind of leadership best, and perhaps only, available from a solid UMWA, the kind conceived in 1972. Instead, the administration of Arnold Miller and the state of the UMWA continue to deteriorate, even as the price of the coal its members mine and the risks they face continue to rise. □

THE ILL-PROVISIONED VOYAGE

Greece Sails Into This Century

JAMES WILLIAM BROWN

How weak is Science
Confronted with Destiny.
—Aeschylus/Prometheus Bound

Athens

Manolis has the kind of face, creased as an old road map, that tourists in Greece love to photograph. He'll offer you an *ouzo*, tell you his problems, probably invite you to his daughter's wedding. Everyone in his village respects Manolis. He's a good man, they all tell you, not mentioning that the fish they buy from his cart have been dynamited.

It's one of those village affairs: everyone knows, including the police, but no one talks about it. And if they did talk, the neighbors would say, well, why not? Trying to make an honest living from the fished-out Mediterranean is like waiting to win the national lottery. But a stick of dynamite dropped in the sea shoots up a fountain of stunned fish—more than most fishermen could net in weeks. And besides, Manolis works under a handicap; his right hand was blown off several years ago.

James Brown has been teaching for ten years at a college in Athens, where he is also engaged in writing articles and fiction set in Greece. In October he will return to the United States to accept a writing fellowship from The Fine Arts Work Center of Provincetown where he will complete a novel about a Greek village.

Dynamite fishing is illegal, of course; but, as in so many areas where Greece ignores danger to the environment, public health and the remains of its heritage, the law is seldom enforced. The use of dynamite not only wipes out the fish and sometimes fishermen but also destroys plankton, those tiny sea organisms essential to the life chain. Fish and other forms of sea life base their subsistence, either directly or indirectly, on plankton. About 90 percent of all marine species, according to explorer Thor Heyerdahl, are concentrated in the plankton breeding grounds above the continental shelves. It is there that Manolis and his friends drop their dynamite.

"The Mediterranean is dying," says Jacques Cousteau, the French underwater specialist. But try to tell that to Manolis. Yes, he says. He's heard it all before, for Cousteau's views are widely printed in the Greek press. But Manolis has a daughter who needs a dowry. So the police do not enforce the law against him unless he is obvious in his breaking of it. "The only places along the shore that survive," writes oceanographer Peter Throckmorton, "are those near the police stations." Manolis shrugs his shoulders, turning his palms upward in the traditional gesture that implies that man is powerless, fate is everything. "I didn't invent dynamite," he says.

So who is to blame? On environmental issues, the buck gets passed in Greece almost back to Prometheus, who

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gave fire, hence science, to mortals. More recently, many blame the military regimes that ran Greece from 1967 to 1974. Certainly the colonels spent little time worrying about the condition of the air and the sea during their years of opponent silencing and election rigging. The present government of Prime Minister Karamanlis is less oblivious to such matters, but the difference may be only marginal.

The new national odyssey—Greece's journey to the Common Market—clearly has top government priority. Greece is now an associate member of the Market, and the problems involved in bringing its fragmented industry and poorly developed agriculture into line with the other member nations are enormous. But the government seems to be sacrificing the Greek environment to the new economic gods—industry and tourism—in order to get a fair wind to Brussels.

Tourism is, in fact, Greece's biggest industry. [See column by Lawrence Alloway, this issue.] So it is understandable that the government's interest in a problem such as atmospheric pollution would confine itself primarily to the victim most obvious to visiting foreigners—the Acropolis. The Parthenon and other temples of the Acropolis have disintegrated more in the past thirty years than in the previous twenty-four centuries. They have suffered from all the usual kinds of urban atmospheric pollution. But the special villains here are the crude but cheap heating fuels used in most Athenian houses and apartment buildings. The fumes from these high-sulfur-content fuels, when mixed with winter rains, turn to sulfuric acid and reduce marble to lime dust. The faces of delicate sculptures such as the Caryatids on the porch of the maidens have virtually been washed away. The nearly faceless maidens will be moved to a museum as soon as the UNESCO restoration plan for the Acropolis gets underway. They will be replaced with fiberglass replicas.

There are many other archaeological victims of toxic fumes in Greece, but since they are less visited by foreigners, their disintegration goes unnoticed or ignored. Among them is what the ancient historian Thucydides called, "The most beautiful spot outside the walls"—the ancient cemetery of Athens, Kerameikos. Today the cemetery is across from the municipal gasworks. Inscriptions on markers that have lasted many centuries have been obliterated in decades. The German Archaeological Institute, which has excavated there since 1910 and still hopes to find the tomb of Pericles, has repeatedly urged government action against the gasworks. But to no effect. Even the ruins of an ancient Delphi, that "navel of the earth," are threatened. An aluminum factory is planned for the seaside town of Itea, only a few miles away from the ancient site. The sulfuric fumes from this factory could easily erode the marble remains of what was once the home of the Delphic oracle.

The only real environmental controversy in Greece has arisen over the development plan for the bay of Pylos. Also known as Navarino, this beautiful natural harbor in the southern Peloponnesus was the site of an historic naval battle in 1827 during the Greek War of Independence. Later it became the site for the American film, *The Guns of Navarone*. Now, a $555 million investment

package would develop a ship construction yard there in addition to factories that would produce paint and cement. The plan was agreed upon by shipowner Aristomenis Karageorgis and the Greek Government.

Some of Greece's most influential people have protested, including scientists, archaeologists, professors, doctors and lawyers, but work is expected to begin soon on the shipyard and the other projects will probably follow. Last summer, Australian author and Nobel Prize-winner Patrick White joined the protesters. In the Athenian newspaper *Kathimerini*, he charged "those who wield the power in Greece" with showing "what appears to be a total disregard for the natural beauty of their country and the importance of their history after the classical period." He also wrote that Greeks of today are in danger of being remembered only for their materialism.

But Greece, after all, belongs to the Greeks. It is a mistake of foreigners to believe that, because of its classical heritage, Greece belongs to all mankind. That heritage, so glorious when contemplated from afar, can create rather trickier problems close up.

The people of economically deprived Pylos are far more interested in the jobs that would come with the investment package than in possible danger to the nearby ruins of the palace of the Mycenaean King, Nestor. The bias is understandable, but it illustrates one of the central problems of Greece today. As David Holden, correspondent for *The Times* (of London), states in his book

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Greece Without Columns, "Socially and economically she remains largely under-developed, but historically she is, so to speak, over-developed and unable, therefore, to treat herself, or to be treated by others on her present merits. . . . Every step forward has to be taken with a confused and confusing backward glance."

This is true partly because of *philotimo*—that peculiarly Greek sense of self-esteem and fierce pride. It is what makes Manolis say, "I am Greek. I am like no one else in the world." But at the level of national consciousness, it often blocks acknowledgment of past mistakes or current problems.

An example of this state of mind occurred in 1970, when a report appeared in a London paper about the danger of atmospheric pollution to the Parthenon. Even then Athens was well on its way to achieving its present status as the most polluted city in Europe. But the next day an official rebuttal appeared in the Greek press: ". . . the report does not reflect the true situation. The atmosphere in Greece is amongst the healthiest and cleanest in the world and the atmosphere of Athens is far cleaner than in any other large city."

A more recent example happened last April 1, the day when a "mushroom cloud," as the Greek press called it, descended on Athens. The city was enveloped in an eye-stinging haze. The Athens Meteorological Service announced that the cloud was formed by gas masses blown from Africa and that no extraordinary increase of pollution had been registered.

A representative of Research and Construction for the Protection of the Environment, a private environmental group, contradicted this announcement. He stated: "The hot winds may have come from Africa, but the excessively heavy pollution was all ours." He also pointed out that the air-pollution tables distributed daily to the press by the Ministry of Health intentionally create a false impression. They compare Athenian pollution levels to outdated U.S. limits which are falsely described as "international limits." The newspaper-reading public is thus led to believe that the air of the Greek capital is far cleaner than it is.

This is not the first time that the Athenian *philotimo* has been pricked. Centuries ago the Roman poet Ovid asked what was left of Athens but the name. And certainly today it is more and more difficult to find the city of pleasant courtyards and tiled roofs that the tourist posters try to convince us is Athens. The old quarter of Plaka with its sawdust-on-the-floor tavernas is now aglow with neon lights: Nite-Club Up-Stairs, Kit-Kat Bar, Hermes Discotek. Barkers lure the passers-by, "You like come see Greek dancing very cheap?" Inside, young men leap and whirl in cold imitation of the spontaneous dancing that perhaps once took place in a taverna there that was torn down years ago.

Rock blares from rooftop restaurants—the same hits you hear all the time, everywhere. In the summer night they wash up over the stained columns of the Parthenon and out across the city of street after street of modern apartment buildings in nearly identical styles. All their lobbies have at least one, but rarely more than three, potted plants on display.

Into this paradise of year-round tourism pour streams of young Greeks from the countryside. They are in search of *politismos*: the word for civilization has come to mean motorcycles, karate films and all-night *bazouki* joints. "Athens," writes Kevin Andrews in his book of the same name, "is an immense concrete tumor sucking the country's life into itself." The low quality of rural education and health treatment, the poor salaries—these drive the best of every generation into the city or to other countries. There's more money to be made driving a taxi in the city than tending the family trade in the provinces.

All over Greece are villages whose houses—sometimes as many as half of them—have been abandoned. They went away, an old priest will tell you. They went to Athens, to Germany, to America. Everyone has a cousin in Astoria or Brooklyn or Chicago.

But for those still here, the new odyssey fills the sails. With a great deal of hope, if little understanding of the complications, most Greeks look forward to full Common Market membership. They feel that the other member countries will have Greek interests more at heart than U.S. foreign policy ever did. And they hope that membership will act as a counter influence to the United States, which is widely blamed for not preventing the Turkish invasion of Cyprus after having supported Greece's military regimes from 1967 to 1974.

But membership will also mean establishing local environmental controls—something the present government seems to ignore. The only official analyses of these problems have been made by the Ministry of Health in conjunction with the World Health Organization. The results have never been published openly, but Research and Construction for the Protection of the Environment claims that the analyses barely approach the real nature of the problem. The group points out that some foreign-based industries have settled in Greece because other countries refused them entry on the ground that they constituted a public danger.

Among these is the American-based Ethyl Ellas Corporation. Having been refused admission to Japan, the corporation settled in northern Greece where it produces lead products under high risk of explosion and consequent poisoning of the area. The nearby city of Salonika, Greece's second largest, could be disastrously contaminated in the event of such an accident. Neighboring Yugoslavia does not even allow transportation of finished ethyl products across the country.

Also in the Salonika area is an Esso factory, part of the empire of Greek-American millionaire, Tom Pappas, who was reported to have contributed handsomely to the Nixon/Agnew election campaign. This particular factory dumps into the sea about 20,000 cubic meters of chemical waste a day.

The only recent positive step toward control of industrial pollution was an instruction issued by the Ministry of Industry. It requires all industries in Greece to produce within three months plans for their own pollution control and to implement these plans within six months. But this may be no more than a gesture—there is no clear standard in Greece by which the industries'

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proposals can be measured because the level of permissible pollution has never been defined. It is probable, therefore, that the authorities will accept token measures.

Greece needs industry too much at present to enforce environmental regulations against it. It's the case—at another level—of Manolis's daughter all over again: Greece needs a dowry; therefore its father is allowed to destroy the seabeds.

This way of looking at life through binoculars reversed, reducing complex issues to deceptively tiny size, encourages Greece to embark on great journeys with few provisions. But if Greece sacrifices its health, natural beauty and ancient heritage for the new odyssey, it may, like Ulysses, eventually find the homeland overrun with suitors. This time they will be of a kind not so easily slain. □

TESTING IN THE DARK

BUTNER, THE JINXED PRISON

MARK PINSKY

The Federal Correctional Institution at Butner, N.C., designed by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons to become the flagship of a new era of penological construction and philosophy, has instead turned into something of a Flying Dutchman—a jinxed vessel, alternately buffeted, becalmed and adrift on the bureaucratic seas. And while bureau officials, from Director Norman Carlson in Washington to Warden Gilbert Ingram on the scene, insist that the problems are merely those of any new facility, a three-month, in-depth investigation indicates that the difficulties may go deeper than that.

In the view of the Bureau of Prisons, the days of the "big houses," like Marion, Leavenworth and Atlanta, are numbered and FCI/Butner, as it is known, is the prototype of the prisons of the future, five of which are already in various stages of construction. But for reasons to be gone into in a moment, Butner got off to a bad start from which it has not yet recovered. Though it is widely agreed to be a test facility, just what is being tested is anything but clear.

Access to the facility is among the least dramatic experiences one can imagine. Passing under a stand of tall pines, one comes upon what was to have been a guard booth at the entrance to the parking lot—empty, not worth the cost of an officer or an intercom system to operate it. There are no walls and no gun towers. The double cyclone fence is patrolled by beige Impalas which cruise around an asphalt track that circumscribes the perimeter. The front door, frequently propped open when the weather is nice and the air conditioning is not working, is guarded only by a single, swivelling television camera.

Inside the gray, one-story building, the visitor is asked for no identification. Instead, you announce yourself to the switchboard operator in the reception area, carpeted and illuminated by recessed lighting. Then you wait, sitting deep in one of the many brightly colored plastic chairs that line the pastel walls, to be greeted by a member of the staff.

Like almost all of the administrators at Butner, Bill Toney is in his mid-30s, with two college degrees, long-ish hair and a mustache. He was cordial and open, free with his time and completely cooperative in overseeing my visit. During the eight days and evenings I spent at Butner, only two of my requests were denied: to spend several nights in an inmate dormitory and to ride the gun car patrolling the fence. There are two reasons for this level of cooperation, which extended up the line to the Bureau of Prisons in Washington: a newly liberalized press policy instituted by the bureau as a whole in the past year, and the reams of bad publicity the plans for the year-old facility have generated in the six years since it was first announced.

During my visit to Butner I spoke with some thirty or forty inmates, face to face and out of earshot of any members of the staff. As my regular base, I used the bleachers of the gymnasium, meeting each afternoon with anyone who wanted to see me. In addition, I conducted interviews with selected and recommended inmates in their rooms or outside on the main grassy quadrangle, and attended random "small living-group meetings" and evening college classes.

It would have been hard to find two more dissimilar inmates than Tyrus "Buck" Jones and Mayo Turner, who nevertheless share some basic criticisms of the institution.

Buck Jones, a paunchy, balding 47-year-old white man from Baltimore, has been in prison for nearly twenty years. Initially sentenced to twenty-five years for bank robbery, Jones picked up an additional ten years for drug conspiracy while at Leavenworth, and was transferred to Butner from the penitentiary in Atlanta (where he had been sent from Marion) for assaulting a co-defendant in that matter.

From the outset, Jones was not enthusiastic about Butner. "I didn't want to come here in the first place . . . I hollered from the first day I got here," he recalls, and offers copies of letters to various prison officials to back up his recollection. One of these, written to Butner's second warden (Ingram is the third), reads, in part:

> Your institution wasn't a free choice of mine. It does

Mark Pinsky is a free-lance writer based in Durham, N.C. Assistance in the preparation and research of this article was provided by the Fund for Investigative Journalism, Washington, D.C.

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not significantly contribute to any real needs of mine nor is my general welfare enhanced by what has been proffered here at Butner to date. Moreover, I can assure you that I'm experiencing greater difficulty with each passing day in controlling and mastering immoderate anxieties induced by aspects of my confinement here. . . .

The two things that bother Jones most are the lack of programs and the custodial staff. Those programs now offered, he says, are "paper programs," in no way meaningful "in preparing people like me for the streets," where he is likely to be within two years.

The custodial staff at Butner—the guards—are mostly people in their 20s, with college degrees. Carefully balanced by race and sex, they carry neither guns nor night sticks, and their only uniforms are blue blazers. According to Jones, they are, in general, "naive and idealistic when they get here. But when they get oriented they turn out just like the rest." Much of the difficulty he has with them, he says, is primarily a function of their inexperience in dealing with routine institutional matters and bureaucratic battles with higher-ups.

Jones is particularly upset by the presence of so many young women in the prison (there are nurses, counselors and living-group secretaries, in addition to the female guards). "You can imagine, not being with women for twenty years. . . . A penitentiary is no place for a woman to work."

Buck Jones works every day from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. as a welder and steamfitter at the prison powerhouse. Evenings he likes to stay in his room reading books about psychology and listening to soft music on his FM radio. He echoes the widespread feeling among the inmates with whom I spoke about the general malaise within the administration. "Apparently," he says, "they don't know where they're headed with this place."

One aspect of the prison that Jones admits is good are the accommodations; he describes them as "elaborate, with numerous conveniences." His single room, for example, although small, is a far cry from the filthy, crowded cells of many prisons. It includes a bed with a mattress, rather than a bunk; a formica-topped desk with, above it, a lexan (industrial plastic) window, rather than bars; a locker, and a toilet. The room has a wooden door which can be locked (Jones has a key), with a small plastic window that allows the guard to see that he is there. In each living unit of fifty inmates there are two carpeted TV rooms, both equipped with color sets that can remain on all night, and a common area with a regulation-size pool table.

The irony of this relative opulence is not lost on Buck Jones, causing him to "wonder how you can maintain this kind of standard when you get out," since there has been so little effort "to equip us to learn a livelihood."

Asked what he would like the administration to do with him, Jones's tanned, lined face cracks a small, rueful smile. "Send me back to Atlanta and bring someone here who is going to be helped. It's a little too late for me. Ten years ago, fifteen year ago, maybe. . . . This just isn't the place for someone like me. . . ."

According to Dr. James Hilkey, the staff psychologist at Butner, Jones's problems with decompression are not unusual at the institution. The bearded, 31-year-old psychologist says that, among older inmates, the reaction is "almost an anxiety attack—much like when people hit the street."

If Buck Jones embodies the problems of a "hard case" brought to Butner against his will, someone disoriented by the comforts of the physical plant and the relative freedom inside—for whom all this "comes a little too late"—then Mayo Turner's problems are those of a young offender, self-possessed and self-motivated, who chose to come to Butner in order to advance himself, only to find the innovation and promise frustratingly unfulfilled.

I first met Mayo Turner, a 31-year-old black man from Chicago, in a pickup game of two-on-two on the basketball court. It seemed only natural, within the prison context, that Mayo and his brother, also doing time at Butner, should team up against me and a young white inmate jailed for smuggling marijuana. However, the game was entirely amiable if not much of a match, since Mayo starts for the Butner team that plays against area college teams. Afterward, we sat on the bleachers and talked.

Until he was convicted of armed robbery, Mayo Turner worked as a civil service counselor at Chicago City Hall. He is married, with two children, and had had a year and a half of college before going inside. The first nine months of his five-year sentence were spent at Leavenworth, after which he was transferred to Marion, to be closer to his family and to go to school. At Marion he took college courses, earned an associate arts degree given by a nearby community college, and became interested in psychology, particularly the Transactional Analysis movement at Marion. It was this activity that led him to apply for Butner, where the then warden-designate, Dr. Martin Groder, had announced plans to set up an extensive T.A. program as part of the therapeutic community. Unfortunately for Mayo, in April of 1975 Dr. Groder resigned his position with the bureau when a shift in philosophy at the top signaled the junking of what was then known as the "medical model" of rehabilitation.

"This place is a farce," Mayo said. "It's misleading. They say they have a beautiful this and a beautiful that, but where are the beautiful programs?" Not only is there no T.A. program for Turner, but since he has already earned his A.A. degree, none of the community college courses offered at the well-appointed and well-staffed educational center at Butner are applicable toward his B.A. degree. When he requested study release to one of the nearby universities, he was turned down because the current administration wants to keep to a minimum such outside programs as furloughs, work releases and study releases.

With a year and a half to go before his probable release, he has adjusted well, considering. Several days a week he works as recreation clerk at the gym and, during slack time, works out regularly in the adjoining weight room. He has become resigned to Butner. For one thing, he is happy about the relatively relaxed atmosphere; T.A., he says with a smile, was not the only reason why he transferred. "I came to get away from Marion—which is a dangerous place." Most of his concern is for inmates

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less motivated than himself. "Most people just sit around, play cards, watch TV, play pool . . . idle time is the worst time. . . ."

Aside from the not inconsiderable impact of a clean, attractive new physical plant, what is supposed to be tested at Butner, and why is it not getting a fair test?

FCI/Butner is the first prison in America to be run on what is called the "Norval Morris Model," named for the New Zealand-born dean of the University of Chicago Law School. Morris, in several articles, pamphlets and books, most notably *The Future of Imprisonment*, maintains that "imprisonment in and of itself is sufficient punishment." But what turned his book into the Bible of the Bureau of Prisons was what Director Carlson termed its "realism"—a good selling point in the mid-1970s, when the mood of the country turned from "permissive" to vindictive on matters of crime. Morris may only have been reading (or anticipating) the mood of the people, or sensing the feeling among penologists that yet another fifteen-to-twenty-year cycle of unsuccessful experimentation in correction was coming to a close. For whatever reason, but with support from politicians as far flung as Jerry Brown and Edward Kennedy (in the new S.1. bill), Morris signals that certain concepts are clearly on the way out, and he posits what he thinks are rational and practical replacements. For example:

¶ *Indeterminate sentences are on the way out.* Fixed and uniform sentences are on the way in, determined "not on the basis of prediction of future criminality, but on the basis of community attitudes toward [the] crime and the limits of their tolerance of [the criminal] living among them. . . ."

¶ *Paroles and parole commissions are on the way out.* "No man has the prescience to predict accurately when a prisoner is 'ready' for a parole. . . . The date of release should be determined early in the prisoner's career."

¶ *Beatings and "the hole" are on the way out.* "For minor infractions, confinement to the prisoner's cell for a period not to exceed thirty days should be the maximum punishment; . . . in no case is there any justification for corporal punishment, strip cells or unsanitary disciplinary cells."

¶ *Loss of privacy, vulnerability to physical assault, sexual assault and theft are on the way out.* Making use of such tools as single rooms with keys for inmates, lockers with locks and "small prison populations, it is reasonable to believe that the violence so pervasive in our prison system would be substantially reduced. . . . Being deprived of liberty is painful enough without the prisoner's being exposed to further penalties and brutalities inflicted on him by other inmates. . . ."

¶ *Mandatory rehabilitation, compulsory therapy and required work in prison industries—as the route to get out—are on the way out. So, theoretically, are the game-playing and manipulation which often accompanies them.* "There should be no suggestion that a prisoner's release might be accelerated because of participation in any prison program—or delayed or postponed because of his failure to participate. . . . The approach should in no way be coercive but simply facilitative. . . . Prisons should not exploit the inmate's labor. While a 'minimum' wage equal to that paid in the community may not be necessary inside the prison—for the prison provides the room and board—it is, nonetheless, essential that the prisoner be paid more than a token pittance."

Due to a combination of bad luck, bad press and bureaucratic sabotage, the "Morris Model" is not getting a fair test at FCI/Butner. First, as a result of problems with the contractor, the facility was completed thirty months behind schedule, at a cost overrun (still in litigation) of nearly $10 million. During that period, the proposed institution generated a tidal wave of bad publicity, much of it the fault of the bureau and Warden-Designate Martin Groder, who issued vague and often contradictory reports of what was going to take place at Butner. (Groder had been a pioneer and ardent champion of the T.A. movement; he had headed a controversial community at Marion, based on its techniques.) Along the prison grapevine, the institution was pegged as a place where political dissidents and troublemakers would be subject to psychosurgery, aversive therapy and sensory deprivation, à la *Clockwork Orange*.

On opening day, May 13, 1976, inmates arrived at Butner clutching a handbook entitled *The Butner Plan*, only to find that it no longer applied. Industries, upon which many poorer inmates depend for money for themselves and to support their families outside, were at first nonexistent and even now are a year in the future. The same was true of meaningful vocational training and, by policy of the current administration, most outside programs. Idleness has set in among the inmates and, at the same time, bickering among the administrators. In recent weeks the first fires and serious altercations have taken place.

In recent months, a gun was found not far outside the prison fence and, in a separate incident, a stolen car was abandoned in the prison parking lot. In each case, FBI investigations centered on members of the prison staff. In mid-June, staff dissatisfaction boiled over into a near mutiny. A third complaint filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission by women staff members, centering on discrimination in work assignments and charges of sexual impropriety, brought investigators from the Bureau of Prisons to Butner and provoked more generalized complaining by staff people.

One disgruntled woman employee at FCI/Butner, which has the highest percentage of female staff members of any predominately male federal prison, observed that "If the inmates ever organized in this place—with the staff in the state it's in—they could easily wreck this place."

Meanwhile, in Washington, the bureau has announced that within a year the research/control population (now at around the Morris "ideal" of 200) may have to be increased to 350, making most of the tiny single rooms doubles. More serious, the parole commission, perhaps feeling this aspect of the experiment most threatening, has given only a fraction of the inmates their release dates, leaving them uncertain as to whether the new rules or the old rules now apply.

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Gilbert Ingram is the third warden in Butner's short history. Martin Groder resigned, saying that "the bureau has taken a bad detour toward the repressive warehousing of prisoners," which move, he said, "was neither procedurally, ethically or morally defensible." His successor, Dr. Donald Deppe, who lasted barely a year, charged as he left that the prison was "more and more looking like any other federal correctional institution." Another staff member, commenting on the 18 percent turnover in staff, pronounced himself "fed up with deviousness and cunning" of the administration.

Ingram, at 36, has three college degrees and is thought to have had a heretofore meteoric record with the bureau. The new warden knows exactly what is at stake for him and his institution. He subscribes to the Norval Morris tenets, but insists that his role is not "to prove something—we're here to test something." His overall aim, he says, is to "eliminate the deleterious effect of prison," and he insists that if all programs now approved proceed on schedule, "within a year we can do it."

Dr. Ingram admits that "the mission of Butner was not really planned adequately," a view echoed by his subordinate, Bill Toney. "It's possible," says Toney, "that the lack of programs may cause a problem" for a while and that, even now, "there's a feeling of uncertainty in the regional office and the central office about what Butner is about." In Washington, Tim Boggs, a staff member of the Judiciary subcommittee on courts, civil liberties and the administration of justice, voices the hope that, finally, "a chaotic history seems to have come to an end" at Butner.

He may be right. But for now, Norval Morris's judgment that "the answer to the American crime problem is not to be found in the prisons" remains unchallenged.

Oddly enough, one of the most perceptive and radical analyses of the current debate on correction comes from the upper reaches of the federal bench. Speaking to the 106th Congress of Correction in Denver, Colo., on August 22, 1976, Chief Judge David L. Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington, told the assembled prison administrators that "as much as I long for the day when we can dynamite the Bastilles of this nation, I fear that we will always need prisons to isolate dangerous offenders."

However, in the speech (reprinted in a recent issue of the journal, *Federal Probation*), the judge went on to read a kind of sociopolitical riot act to the officials:

> Crime is not surprising. What amazes me is that so many deprived Americans accept their lot without striking out. Surely violent crimes among these people would be much more prevalent but for their religion, their welfare checks and their alcohol. I am stunned by those who point to the many docile poor and say, "Their poverty doesn't force them to break the law, so why should it force others to?" How can anyone find comfort or righteousness in social peace bought at the price of deadened souls? Society should be as alarmed by the silent misery of those who accept their plight as it is by the violence of those who do not. I see no hope for violent street crime in this country until our society reaches this level of concern and humanity.
>
> Prison reform and tougher sentencing seem like hollow promises when we realize that it is *this* kind of crime with *these* causes that we are really talking about. At worst, the present attacks on crime are repressive. At best they are mere nibbling.
>
> Of the more humane reforms that I call "nibbling," Norval Morris argues that "it is a serious mistake to oppose any reform until all can be reformed." Of course I agree. Making sentences more fair and relieving overcrowding in prisons need not wait for the elimination of poverty in this country.
>
> But what I reject is the notion that judges and correction officers should strive to achieve only these changes in the criminal justice system. Our attention and energies are limited, but we must try to hold in mind the full picture. We must not forget that the people I have been speaking about in the criminal justice system are merely the end products of our failing social justice system. □

SELF-IMAGE OF A 'NATURAL ARISTOCRACY'

What Flows from Neo-Conservatism

ISIDORE SILVER

Daniel Patrick Moynihan's election to the United States Senate and the emergence of a "hard-line" opposition to President Carter's arms control policy symbolize the growing importance in our national politics of what is known as "Neo-Conservatism." The Neo-Conservatives' attempt to capture, or at least strongly influence, the Democratic Party (by supporting Senator Jackson's Presidential bid last year) did not pay off, but Moynihan may be the charismatic political candidate they need for the future. Increasing Neo-Conservative political activity—in the form of creating the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, an alliance with the Meanyite labor movement and an intellectual buttress for resumption of the cold war—is paralleled by an effort to reach a broader public audience. Thus, a philosophy which already dominates academic thinking in a variety of scholarly disciplines has extended beyond the professional journals and elite publications such as *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* into the mass media. Because of its impact and because it skillfully combines elements of traditional liberal welfare-state economics with conservative fiscal notions,

Isidore Silver is a professor of constitutional law and history at John Jay College of Criminal Justice (The City University of New York).

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Neo-Conservatism deserves some analysis.

It is a philosophy of public affairs that emphasizes the necessity for orderly economic reform, that recognizes a greater governmental role in effecting change than traditional conservatives would allow, and that claims to be pragmatic in assessing the costs and benefits of recent reforms. It casts a baleful eye on the New Frontier's attempt to redistribute political power and winces at any public effort to do more than place an economic floor under poverty. Thus, Neo-Conservatives appear to be mildly liberal in domestic policy.

Foreign policy is another matter. Neo-Conservatives staunchly support democracy (especially Israel's), but reluctantly concede that most of the world is non- or anti-democratic. Any distaste for local dictatorships is subordinated to pragmatic considerations of the national interest—i.e., are those countries our allies in the war against communism? While eschewing "morals" in foreign policy, Neo-Conservatives espouse two nonpragmatic duties of the United States—Israel must be preserved and protected and Soviet Jews must be free to dissent or, if necessary, emigrate. Only a militarily powerful America can achieve these goals.

Underlying these public policy positions is a philosophical ideal. Neo-Conservatives are inspired not by John Locke (America's resident philosopher) but by Edmund Burke. He is preferred because he embodies the Neo-Conservative self-image, aristocratic, traditional, tolerant of social change, even of revolution (of the American, not the French variety) when necessary. Burke, it is perceived, understood society to be a web of relationships organically built by tradition and custom, while Locke too truculently defended the abstract enunciation of fundamental rights. Lockean abstractions inevitably lead to the "ideologizing" of political life, to disorder and even chaos as various groups are encouraged dogmatically to assert and demand what they believe to be their "inalienable" rights. Thus, Neo-Conservatives are constantly upset by the disorderliness of American society, by its apparent revulsion from authority, by its "legalistic" emphasis. Neo-Conservatives endlessly praise Disraeli's England, a nation which had acknowledged change within tradition, and had made the privileges of an aristocracy the birthright of Englishmen. Although Moynihan's encomium to Richard Nixon as the embodiment of a latter-day Disraeli was, to be sure, premature and ill-advised, it epitomized (rather lamely) the search for an ideal amidst contemporary tawdriness.

Neo-Conservatives regard contemporary philosophers such as Walter Lippmann as exemplars of liberals who deplore liberalism's excesses and who advocate a "public philosophy" of disinterest, a philosophy which seeks to infuse into the gaminess of power-seeking a "public interest" ethic (strangely enough, they have said little about Common Cause and Ralph Nader, the apparent embodiments of that ethic).

Neo-Conservatives recognize the strength of the notion of equality in American life. They are wary of it because it can be transformed (by liberals) into the notion of what Irving Kristol has called "egalitarianism." Kristol finds the latter—"the equality of condition for all citizens"—antithetical to liberty, including the "right to become unequal." It is government's duty to provide a floor, even an ever rising floor, to those less fortunate or less gifted, but not to "level" everyone else down so that the floor becomes a ceiling.

"Liberty" thus becomes the liberty to rise by means of natural talent beyond the circumstances and station of one's birth. Government's duty is to recognize, protect and even encourage that ability. While that proposition, stated as an ideal, is hardly controversial, there may be considerable doubt about its purity in political society, especially a political society featuring modern versions of unearned privilege. Neo-Conservatives oppose not privilege, just unearned privilege.

This leads to a paradox. Presumably, earned privilege is an individual accomplishment. But, and Neo-Conservatives recognize this, group activity is the means by which privileges are sought. Since, as shall be seen, Neo-Conservatives endorse group acquisition of legal and political privilege as a necessary feature of democracy, they suspect that our "elites" are not always composed of the "best and the brightest" (i.e., the most deserving).

What the Neo-Conservatives have done is to constitute *themselves* as a group, one composed not of individuals of varying talents but combining ability and interest, a democratically created elite. When Neo-Conservatives "lobby" for their own interests (in academic hiring, for instance), they are on reasonably solid ground. When they seek to apply their principles to other fields, the paradox becomes overwhelming. Is a quota of, let us say, 10 percent black corporate managers per se more inequitable than white predominance in a system characterized by no discernible standards (except, perhaps, an "old-boy" network)?

The intellectual careers of the Neo-Conservatives indicate that democratic elites can indeed be created. Moynihan rose from poverty to be a confidant of kings (or, at least the democratic version of kings); Norman Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary* (with some calculation, as his autobiography *Making It* attests), came from the streets of Brooklyn to the pinnacle of intellectual influence. And The City College of New York, in the late 1930s, produced Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer and other Neo-Conservative eminences. To generalize from the fruits of their talents, essentially academic and/or publishing ones, to the grubby world at large is the problem and the paradox.

Neo-Conservatives have attempted to convince the American people that there is a natural aristocracy in the real world. Since America has been a land of opportunity where the academic courtyards, if not the streets, were paved with gold, they assumed that a similar regard for talent pervades all of American life. Thus, Neo-Conservative acquisition of privilege has created a single-mindedness about its version of the American dream. And single-mindedness always threatens to degenerate into simple-mindedness.

Neo-Conservative beliefs about both foreign policy (a return to the cold war) and domestic policy (a disillusionment with the welfare state) can be understood only in historical perspective. Many Neo-Conservatives were

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young Socialists, became mainstream liberals, and then developed into profoundly disillusioned critics increasingly indistinguishable from traditional conservative dissenters from post-New Deal America. It was the history of post-New Deal America that stimulated the transformation.

World War II and the ensuing (unexpectedly sustained) boom cut off any Socialist option for some young and talented radicals. The expansion of academic opportunities (under the GI Bill) and the rapid movement of many Left intellectuals into that new world combined with generally good economic conditions (high employment, low inflation) to raise the possibility that socialism was no longer necessary to insure both mass prosperity and rewards for the talented. It appeared that "natural" economic forces and the New Deal reform impulse could, together, insure both economic justice and personal freedom. Although for many the Socialist millennium was not to be denied, it could be postponed. The first dilemma arose: no longer dedicated Socialists, some intellectuals found themselves stranded between ideological anti-capitalism and mindless defense of big business by traditional conservatives. Refuge in Rooseveltian liberalism was the (temporary) answer.

The advent of the cold war and McCarthyism in the late 1940s and early 1950s radically changed that perspective. Indeed, those developments created a world view which, with little modification, characterized the Neo-Conservative response to America in the last twenty-five years. The cold war created a split among Left intellectuals. Nationally, the Americans for Democratic Action was formed as a liberal, anti-Communist pressure group to preserve the ideals of the New and Fair Deals. The 1948 Presidential campaign, featuring a bellicose Harry Truman (inventor of the loyalty system for federal employees and New Deal legatee) and Henry Wallace, heir to the left wing of the Roosevelt "tradition," became the major symbol of the fissure.

When Joseph McCarthy undertook his campaign to rid government of Communists in 1950, the "New Left" was ambivalent. *Commentary* waged an aggressive and uncompromising campaign against both Left and Right. While McCarthy's "crusade" was a dangerous travesty, it was not entirely unjustified since, after all, there had been Communist sympathizers (and some Communist agents) in government. *Commentary* spawned the "cold-war intellectual." However, there was no common cause with the junior Senator from Wisconsin, for he was perceived as reckless and anti-intellectual.

Whether or not the "Soviet menace" was real is irrelevant today. And so is the charge that the vendetta some "cold-war intellectuals" waged against former intellectual allies was fueled by a residual guilt about their own naïveté toward Russia and China. Irrelevant, that is, to most of us—for both sets of Left intellectuals the 1950s are still alive; *Commentary* still attacks Alger Hiss and derides Lillian Hellman's memoirs, while the "old Left" exhorts us to see Woody Allen's *The Front* to understand what the 1950s were all about. One cannot discount the psychological dimension of the battle within the Left, for it continues to haunt us today.

McCarthyism became a fearful phenomenon. It was not merely the self-serving crusade of one crank Senator; the Republican Party establishment, including Richard Nixon, was its ally. Since many exposed Communists were Jews—including the most prominent of all, the Rosenbergs—bigots like Gerald L.K. Smith eagerly abetted the attack. Although McCarthy himself was not an anti-Semite—and, indeed his two trigger men *cum* comedy team, Cohn and Schine, were Jewish—any apprehension that one crusade could quickly be turned into another would be understandable. Again, it is speculative, but some of the New Left eagerness to flush out traitors may have been engendered by a perceived need to demonstrate that all Jews were not pink.

Whether or not fear of anti-Semitism was the underlying cause, the result was an emphasis upon, a preoccupation with, social order as the necessary prerequisite for further economic reform. The search for order—an old theme in American reform history—was particularly colored by the McCarthy experience. When McCarthy was politically destroyed by the "Establishment"—the Army, the conservative elders of the Senate, and a Brahmin lawyer named Joseph Welch—some tried to explain how a professed conservative could be disemboweled by other institutions not customarily held in high regard by the Left. The rationale that was discovered constitutes the intellectual underpinning of contemporary Neo-Conservatism.

Daniel Bell edited a series of essays called *The New American Right* (in a later edition, *The Radical Right*), arguing that McCarthy was not a true conservative but rather a modern-day Jacobin who invoked "direct democracy" to create hysteria. McCarthy was perceived to have attracted a disembodied mass of alienated voters ("Mass Man" became a popular subject of Neo-Conservative analysis in the 1950s) who responded to a demagogue. Their traditional allegiances to the Democratic and Republican Parties having eroded, the masses were open to clever manipulation of certain symbolic fears. McCarthy had appropriated the techniques (and even some of the rhetoric, as did Hitler) of the Left to hammer at the Left and to achieve rapport with an apolitical, volatile and profoundly conservative electorate. A famous public-opinion survey by Prof. Samuel Stouffer of Harvard duly confirmed the "masses'" distaste for civil liberties (interestingly, conservative "elite" leaders had a higher regard for individual rights).

To Bell, Seymour Martin Lipset, Richard Hofstadter and many others, the conclusion was obvious: McCarthy, a latter-day Populist who had tried to rally the masses had failed because conservative institutions of the society had held. David Riesman, a brilliant lawyer and sociologist, the author of the most popular serious book of the decade, *The Lonely Crowd*, wrote in *The New York Times Magazine* that the American people were socially conservative but economically reformist. Therefore, steady economic reform could mollify any mass dissatisfactions, but the beast could be stirred from time to time by a demagoguery that would trample civil liberties.

Two perspectives emerged. The first argued that America was becoming an economically egalitarian society through normal political processes. Bell posited a theory

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of the end of ideology and contended that our national problems were readily solvable by incremental additions to New Deal policies. Problems could be resolved by "experts"; ideological issues only by some form of war. John Kenneth Galbraith published *American Capitalism* and found it to be increasingly responsible and responsive. Daniel Boorstin, an historian, proclaimed the existence of an American identity formed by the geographical circumstances of the nation and uncontaminated by class ideologies. "Pluralist" political scientists argued that political power was not exercised by a ruling class (or "ruling elite," as C. Wright Mills argued), but by a coalition of broadly representative leaders who hammered out compromises. Thus was wrought a massive change in academic consciousness in pursuit of a policy of steady, responsible and controlled reform.

A gusher of scholarly and semi-popular writing also appeared to confirm the second thesis—that broad, "mass" movements seeking to change political power within the nation were—and are—dangerous. Politics, which the Left had previously argued was based upon economic interest, was now divided into two categories—the traditional and a newer one that emphasized status concerns. Hofstadter, in *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, argued that Populism, once thought of as a "class" movement of impoverished Midwestern and Southern farmers against railroad and bank exploitation, was in reality the paranoid, anti-urban, anti-Semitic reaction of a group left behind by progress. Groups losing out in position and esteem also accounted for much of McCarthy's support.

During the 1960s, the Neo-Conservative message emerged in full regalia. Massive scholarship reinforced the belief that the American people were fundamentally conservative, probably anti-Semitic and potentially dangerous, that institutions which stood between the people and potential demagogues were vital to the preservation of the Republic, and that modest economic reforms would quiet popular clamor.

Ideology became not only divisive but irrelevant. The New Frontier promised to continue an economic expansion which would benefit all (though differentially, of course) and lay to rest issues such as "class" and "power." Further, to guarantee economic justice, the bases of "interest group politics" should be strengthened, in Galbraith's terms, "countervailing forces" to the undoubted power of the modern corporation should be vigorous. Questions of how societies held together in the face of centrifugal forces always threatening to disrupt them predominated—and the conclusion was that there are "natural" balancing mechanisms formed by "mediating groups."

Scholars who argued that McCarthy's support had not come from an undifferentiated mass but rather from traditional Republican conservatives eager to embarrass the New Deal and from some Catholics frightened by communism made little impression on Neo-Conservative thinking. Historians who maintained that Populism was neither radical nor irrational, nor indeed particularly anti-Semitic, also received little publicity. Those who took issue with the idea that American history was an embodiment of "consensus" rather than "conflict," or who argued that pluralist decision-making theory accounted for only certain types of intermediate range events were relegated to the status of radicals or hard-to-classify kooks (like C. Wright Mills himself).

The "cold-war intellectuals" became the "action intellectuals" as the conflict with Russia abated somewhat in the 1960s. When John F. Kennedy called for the best brains to solve our domestic problems, liberal intellectuals (and the Neo-Conservatives qualified as such on economic policy) flocked from the hills of Parnassus to man or advise the host of commissions that would vigorously (and, of course, un-ideologically) solve our national problems. There was little time or inclination to deal with the dissenters.

The only flaw in the vision of a conflict-free America was the question of the status of blacks. At first, the civil rights revolution only slightly shook the notion of a great American consensus. *Brown* v. *Board of Education* in 1954 sparked the most vigorous movement for social justice seen in modern America; it also created an institutional crisis as a conservative, Republican-Southern Democratic-controlled Congress threatened seriously to curtail the Supreme Court's judicial power. *Brown* led to a confrontation between the very patriarchs who had ousted McCarthy and an increasingly "activist" Court. Although Neo-Conservatives regarded *Brown* as a moral necessity, they cautioned the Court not to extend some rulings in "subversive" cases which modestly curbed Congress' investigative prerogatives. When the Court retreated somewhat from its controversial rulings, Neo-Conservative legal scholars breathed an audible sigh of relief. The great Neo-Conservative-Court battle was postponed for half a decade; when it came, it would have profound consequences.

The Kennedy and early Johnson years seemed to confirm, even in the volatile civil rights arena, the vision of orderly and controlled economic change in a framework of national prosperity. Congress enacted two major civil rights bills in 1964 and 1965, with ineffective Southern opposition. Kennedy and Johnson commenced a promising war against poverty. The Great Society had not yet demonstrated its conceptual and practical shortcomings. Vietnam was not yet the rending tear it later proved to be in the American social fabric.

As Johnson's "guns-and-butter" policy—the very essence of the Neo-Conservative vision—came apart in the late 1960s, as the Black Power and New Left movements apparently pervaded the ghettos and the campuses of the nation; as Vietnam became a quagmire, as the crime rate in the cities began to spiral (given the general low official unemployment rate, it was an inexplicable spiral), an atmosphere of virtual chaos seemed to ensue.

Neo-Conservative intellectuals found two primary causes for the nation's growing restlessness. The Great Society, accompanied by some fulsome Johnsonian rhetoric, simply had promised too much to too many too quickly. Prominent Neo-Conservative constitutional law professors—especially Alexander Bickel—also blamed the Warren Court for virtually sanctioning social disorder. Their professional criticism extended into both the

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elite (*Commentary*) and then the popular press. While others argued that the Great Society was failing because it had never been really tried and that, as the pressure rose, "butter" was being sacrificed to "guns," Neo-Conservatives systematically blamed domestic public policy programs both judicial and legislative. Some of their conclusions seemed startling.

For instance, much hostility was vented upon the Warren Court's "one man, one vote" ruling in the 1964 case of *Reynolds* v. *Sims*. The apportionment decisions of the early 1960s curiously symbolize the Neo-Conservative perspective. "Curiously," because *Reynolds* was one of the few major Warren Court decisions that achieved great public approbation and support. Unlike *Miranda* and *Escobedo* which curbed certain police interrogation practices, it was not controversial. Why then single it out for agonizing and extended criticism? Ironically, it was the *very popularity* of the decision that so upset the Neo-Conservatives.

Reynolds was seen as both a symbolic endorsement of the deeply disturbing principle of equality and judicial interference with a system which, however inequitable, awkwardly balanced off various recognizable and socially stabilizing interests. The legislature as a semi-democratic "mediating mechanism" between "the people" and the public weal was being weakened and virtually undermined. "Interest group politics," the basis of "pluralist" political power, could not be maintained by *Reynolds*'s mindless majoritarianism.

It was believed that the power of such groups (power which, it must be remembered, was democratic in effect if not in form) would decline; the "safety valves" that defused the potential for violent, conservative, spontaneous action were jeopardized. The Warren Court's "activism" became transformed into a judicial attack on the legitimacy of our electoral institutions. Continuing judicial restructuring of other branches of government was seen as undermining those institutions that were the Court's greatest allies. The Court had enough enemies and could not afford to alienate the few "elite" friends it had managed to retain. Thus, *Reynolds* achieved the worst of all possible worlds—it created new and powerful antagonists without mollifying conservatives who were still outraged by the Court's liberal criminal justice decisions. Neo-Conservatives were as worried about the Court's continuing loss of *its own* legitimacy as a non-majoritarian bulwark against Populism as about the occasional sop to the masses.

The Neo-Conservative "search for order" led to increasingly bitter attacks on the Warren Court. As the Court sought to grant practical equality to the poor, the black, the untutored, Neo-Conservative rhetoric escalated. Critics lambasted both the reapportionment and criminal justice decisions for weakening the constitutional ideal of federalism. The federal system had, of course, been attenuated by the increasing power of the national government from, at least, the days of the New Deal. Why would compelling the states to adhere to the minimal guarantees of the Bill of Rights or electoral fairness render them useless governmental appendages? In fact, some Warren Court defenders dared to suggest that a revitalization of the states might occur (it apparently has). Only the tenacity of the Neo-Conservatives' "search for order" and a belief that federalism was another essential "anti-Populist" bulwark could account for the vehemence of the attack on the Warren Court.

Neo-Conservatives feared that the Court was contributing to the spread of social disorder. The role of law was much like that of reform—measured, incremental, predictable and consistent. Neo-Conservatives overlooked the fact that the Warren Court was consolidating an advance begun by its predecessors and was evolutionary rather than revolutionary. To its critics, *any* recognition of equality, of Populism—especially if it offended the policies of any "legitimate" government agency—was dangerous.

How disorderly was American society in the late 1960s and how much of that disorder was stimulated by the Court or by expansive public policy pursued by the popular branches of government? Although the answers are not readily apparent, one can safely say that instability was not as great as superficially it appeared to be. The Black Panthers and Weathermen were not as numerous or as threatening as the mass media and the worried Neo-Conservatives thought (indeed, much "radical" violence was stimulated by *agents provocateurs*). In retrospect, it is obvious that the Warren Court carefully chose to attack only the most obnoxious of state police and administrative practices and only minimally hampered the development of public policy by traditional government agencies. Indeed, the Court squarely held that even an illegal injunction against a civil rights demonstration had to be obeyed, pending appeal. Draft-card burners could find no comfort in a ruling that their actions were criminal. The legality of the war in Vietnam was never even considered by the Court. Scholarly studies showed that the police were getting approximately the same number of confessions (if not more) than they had obtained prior to *Miranda*.

Neo-Conservatives joined traditional conservatives in taking seriously John Mitchell's warning that "this country is going so far to the Right you won't believe it." But the "hidden," "conservative" majority forecast by many did not materialize in the 1968 election (which Nixon barely won), nor in the 1970 Congressional election, nor even in 1972. Many Neo-Conservatives endorsed the newest Nixon. He would, it seemed (*a*) end the war in orderly fashion; (*b*) not dismantle the New Deal; (*c*) add "responsible" conservative reforms such as the Family Assistance Plan to the agenda, and (*d*) quiet restive conservatives. If Watergate disappointed the Neo-Conservatives, they could, without excusing it, readily attribute that bizarre event to the atmosphere of disorder inherited by the administration.

Alexander Bickel, writing in *Commentary* in 1974, found that the Nixon excesses, thought deplorable, were only reflex responses to the Warren Court's encouragement of social disorder. If Nixon had to fall, we were assured by Edward Epstein in *Commentary*, credit should have gone not to the wild and unruly "Woodstein" team of *The Washington Post* but to Establishment institutions such as the Justice Department, Judge Sirica and the

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Senate Watergate Committee. Thus, Sam Ervin performed the same validating function for the Establishment in 1973 that Sen. Arthur Watkins had served eighteen years earlier when he toppled Joe McCarthy.

Nixon's political demise sent the Neo-Conservatives into a political funk. His conservatism seemed to be of the repressive, anti-change, money-grubbing kind that basically offended the Neo-Conservative sense of *amour propre*; and it solved none of the great problems of social order, especially the crime problem. The result was twofold; some Neo-Conservatives decided that the "future" would be conflict-free, even if the present was a bit messy. Others returned to "fundamentals," which turned out to be what they had always been—enunciations of the Burkean rather than the Lockean ideal of society. A host of Neo-Conservatives put together "The American Commonwealth, 1976," a special issue of *The Public Interest*. It was a paean to the 19th century and an attack on the New Frontier for raising mass political expectations.

The problem seemed to be that almost *any* government program in modern society was doomed to failure. *The Public Interest* almost severed the public interest from any public policy activity. Alexander Bickel's *The Morality of Consent* found that democratic policy making was too "ideological" and that the truly Burkean legislator should stand apart from even group political pressures (which stimulate social conflict). Robert Nisbet's *Twilight of Authority* found that almost all history since the Middle Ages had conspired to cause the present disaster. *Commentary* continued to smite its enemies, some old (Hiss and Hellman), many of them new (including the single man, the greatest source of social instability).

After a short pause, the Neo-Conservatives regrouped. The vagaries of Democratic Party politics allowed them to enter national politics via the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. The continuing crime wave of the 1970s became one fulcrum for their concern, and James Q. Wilson published a tract (*Thinking About Crime*) which sternly maintained that crime is caused (or that public policy should proceed on the assumption that crime is caused) by wickedness. "Social defense" in the form of fixed sentences for all offenders and long sentences for recidivists was the major, necessary holding action, though hardly a complete solution. Liberal ideals had failed. Prison deterred at least those imprisoned from committing more crimes, but the "rehabilitative" ideal did not work, since two-thirds of all those released became repeaters. Although these notions are themselves controversial, as are the statistics purporting to justify them, at base the Neo-Conservatives believed that liberal criminology had had its day and should be replaced. Wilson did not go so far as Ernest Van Den Haag, a traditional conservative, who argued that a return to older forms of repression (banishment, corporal punishment, virtually everything short of torture) should be considered in the "fight against crime." Just how much these tomes have contributed to our new national resolve to "lock them up" can never be known; certainly Wilson and Van Den Haag have expressed the substance of a growing public consensus on the subject. Whether "social defense"—which is expensive—is any more relevant to the amelioration of crime than was "rehabilitation" is problematical.

Commentary continues to patrol the insecure border of social stability, eager to identify and root out all enemies and all who aid and abet them. A recent piece condemned "judicial activism," as if Earl Warren rather than Warren Earl Burger still prevailed. While it has paid attention to the enemies of the 1950s and the 1960s, the enemies of the 1970s have not eluded its querulous Cassandra-ish gaze.

Of late, *Commentary* has evinced greater anxiety about foreign and military policy than about domestic issues. The growth of West European communism, international terrorism, the continuing bellicosity of Russia, the apparent passing of democracy in most of the world but, most of all, the spectacular gains in Arab power have become the staple of recent concern. While Nixon was generally admired for his domestic policy, his opening to Russia caused acute discomfort; Kissinger, first Nixon's and then Ford's Svengali, was deemed too harsh on Israel. Moynihan was elected to the Senate on a platform whose foreign policy planks almost out-Buckleyed James Buckley. Carter perplexes the Neo-Conservatives; his human rights emphasis pleases them but his genuine commitment to arms reduction disquiets them. Perhaps a few warnings such as the imbroglio over the Warnke appointment will have their effect.

As one surveys the stream of Neo-Conservative writings of the past two decades, one is struck by the tone of unremitting hostility toward policies that envision redistribution of political power. The concern for authority, tradition, liberty rather than equality (America has always swung ambiguously between these tandem ideals) and the fear of Populism supersede any countervailing arguments. How can we explain what Henry Fairlie has called "The Revolt of the Privileged"? Why has "the attack on democracy . . . been building for a long time," and why has "the attempt to construct a native American conservatism . . . received more attention in the last thirty years than at any earlier time"? (again, Fairlie).

The answer, if there is any one answer, I believe, cannot be found in the realm of ideology or principle. Although psychohistorical explanations have substantial built-in limitations, it is apparent that the development of Neo-Conservatism in the last twenty years has consisted of a reaction to one major trauma—the fear of anti-Semitism. Since, of course, not all Jewish intellectuals are Neo-Conservatives nor are all Neo-Conservatives Jewish, a conventional disclaimer of universality should and must be entered. Despite the caveats, however, there can be little doubt that the Holocaust constituted the seminal event not only for European Jewry but for many American Jews not far removed from their East European or German heritages.

The classic enunciation of Neo-Conservative doctrine is be found in Hannah Arendt's *Origins of Totalitarianism*, a stunning work of history, politics and philosophy. Although her analysis was confined to the rise of European totalitarianism, it could readily be extended to America. Its main thesis provides a road map which

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explains the course of American Neo-Conservatism for the last two decades.

Professor Arendt posited the existence of a dichotomy between state and society. Her recapitulation of the status of the Jew in Europe concluded that he was protected by strong national states and endangered by Populist movements (such as Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism) that swept through Europe in the late 19th century. The idea that an elite, a conservative elite, rooted in privilege, protected the Jew, while "the people" in nationalistic (or, more accurately, "tribalistic") movements constituted the "enemy," was central to her sweeping vision of the growth of both totalitarianism and anti-Semitism. The great failure of modern times was the inability of the ruling elites in France, Germany and the Slavic countries to retain their own legitimacy in the face of a wave of social and political convulsion. Perhaps the only major European nation that could maintain a ruling elite and a democratic base was England.

The validity of Professor Arendt's thesis is not at issue here. It expressed a world view that could be meaningful, especially to a group of Jews who were brilliant, poor, faced with discrimination even in academia and who had fought their way into positions of importance and influence. Preservation of hard-won privilege was a matter not just of comfort but of survival. Institutional barriers, such as academic tenure, to potentially explosive outbursts of irrationality were necessary. America was certainly not free of anti-Semitism; even the best colleges in the 1940s had their quotas for Jews. The Neo-Conservatives' sense of always being besieged, even as they commanded the heights of academic power and social respect, can be explained only by an apocalyptic vision. Hannah Arendt's later book on Eichmann confirmed this vision—for Eichmann was depicted as an ordinary soul, but one capable of being swept into a vast Messianic movement. "The banality of evil," a popular phrase of the 1960s, could be applied to America as readily as to Germany (another country where, it must be remembered, Jews had felt themselves to be safe and assimilated).

The great Neo-Conservative paradox stems from Arendt's analysis. An unresponsive elite may become too alienated from the masses; a responsive elite may encourage (wittingly or unwittingly) mass demands for fundamental redistribution of power. Since traditional conservatives resisted mass demands almost automatically, social disorder would ensue. Since traditional liberals granted demands too readily (especially in America where "white liberal guilt," it was believed, could lead to increasingly radical black demands), an upheaval always threatened. Thus, slow, managed reform by elites gradually broadening their constituency and insuring their continued legitimacy could be the only basis for both change, which was inevitable, and for order, which was imperative. Demands made by unaffiliated groups or individuals or proposed radical redistributions of power (to the poor, for instance, as in the Johnson Model Cities and Community Action Programs and especially to the inflammatory "community control" advocates) were threats to both ideals. The foreign policy correlates to this perspective are too obvious to require discussion.

Only a psychological interpretation can explain the vehemence with which Neo-Conservatives reacted to disorder in the 1950s. The legitimacy of the elite was called into question whenever a slob like McCarthy could point to an Alger Hiss and other panty-waisted pinkos. McCarthy (now defined as a Right radical rather than a real conservative) could have been a demagogue stirring latent, almost "tribalistic" hatred. In the 1960s, Black Power—with tinges of anti-Semitism—and the New Left's anti-Israel stance were the new disruptive forces in society. Fortunately, for the Neo-Conservatives, responsible conservatives led the attack on the perpetual menaces to consensus politics. Unfortunately, Richard Nixon turned out to be an irresponsible conservative. Neo-Conservatives responded to their own paradox by first supporting liberal reforms (and the Warren Court) and then turning against both, all in the name of maintaining social order. Today, an alliance with labor and the Jackson wing of the Democratic Party on economic issues and a liaison with traditional conservatives on so-called "social issues" are maintaining the uneasy balance.

Neo-Conservatives do not see equality and liberty in continual interaction. Their perspective blinds them to issues that do not fall within their conceptual framework. *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* do not run pieces on the role of the corporation in American life, the weakness of even the Meany labor movement as an economic force, or a multitude of problems about power in the society. Rather, their truncated vision presupposes an economically abundant society which can expand to meet the inevitable demands of the safely channeled labor movement. Perhaps, for some Neo-Conservatives, a romantic socialism is still in the distant future; pending that, they will continue to make alliances to shore up the (always) sagging buttresses.

They will also continue to lecture the American people on the need to curb political and economic appetites, to instill such virtues as respect for authority, and to preach that things are not as bad as radicals (or even liberals) keep telling them. As critics, they are superb—they will continue to point out the failures of welfare-state liberalism. As preachers, they may be less successful for the history of corporate America has been a story of voracious appetite, disrespect for authority (at least governmental authority) and a Lockean insistence on the rights of property. The corporation has taught us all the vices derided by the Neo-Conservatives—including the artful manipulation of government for private ends. Power holders no more believe in a "public philosophy" than do power seekers.

Since Neo-Conservatism, if its public message is to succeed at all, depends upon economic abundance—the critical factor that maintains social harmony—an end to abundance will present critical problems. Already, some neo Neo-Conservatives have jumped ship—Galbraith, who earlier might have been thought a fellow traveler of Neo-Conservatism, has espoused heretical notions about corporations. The "New Left" of the early 1950s is breaking up as "mainstream" scholars like Robert Heilbroner and Robert Lekachman talk of fundamental issues of "class" and "power." Ironically, the Neo-Conservative world view has depended upon the liberal "interest

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group politics" it now deplores, and should those politics pass, the Neo-Conservative will be bailing in the same leaky boat with the American liberal.

The eventual direction of Neo-Conservatism is in some doubt. Increasing social disorder may create a drift toward traditional conservatism. Already, in the realms of crime control and arms policy an alliance has formed. Moynihan embodies the contradictions; although he held himself out to be a New Dealer during the campaign, he has recently attacked New York City rent control. Perhaps from his seat on the Finance Committee he will fight for some redistribution not of power but of public wealth from the Sunbelt to the East. He may well oppose Carter on National Health Insurance or, at least, appeal to the corporate conscience to institute private health insurance plans.

As Neo-Conservatism struggles with its paradox, we must struggle with ours. Can the promise of a democratic society be fulfilled by an economic and political system that sanctions vast private power and wealth along with considerable public poverty ("middle-class" as well as "lower-class" poverty)? If the economic pie does not continue to grow, what kind of struggle will ensue? If social disorder, as manifested in crime, drugs, divorce and a host of other indicators, continues to spiral, will repression work or will the causes be seen as systemic? How can the cities be restored and at what cost? Who will bear the cost?

If Neo-Conservatives continue to grapple with symptoms—and not very imaginatively, at that—rather than causes, if their considerable intelligence and critical abilities become increasingly simple-minded, if their preoccupation with the dangers of Populism and equality become increasingly irrelevant to our real problems, then the society has lost. If the alliance with traditional conservatives solidifies into a simplistic defense of the precarious status quo, then the social calamity so feared by the Neo-Conservatives may well come to pass. If the best the Neo-Conservatives can offer is a return to some semi-feudal system of privilege and a disillusionment with the democratic promise, then they, and we, are indeed lost. □

HOW THE FBI SPOTTED ME

VERN L. BULLOUGH

Since, despite the successful efforts of J. Edgar Hoover to increase the budget each and every year, the FBI still operated on a budget, it was physically impossible for the agency to investigate every citizen. Obviously, an individual who became a target of FBI scrutiny had to have done something which someone in the agency spotted as a symptom of subversion. In spite of my long-term commitment to civil rights and civil liberties (Naval Security was tailing me in the early 1950s; see "How I Became a Security Risk," *The Nation*, February 7, 1976), the FBI, at least according to the files it released, ignored me until 1964. What particularly subversive activity caused it to swoop down on me at that time?

In checking my FBI file, it turns out that the great subversive activity that triggered the agency's interest in me was a book I wrote on prostitution, a book that appeared in 1964. At each annual or biennial check the FBI made on me from 1965 to 1972, the last date for which I have received information, my research in prostitution heads the list of my subversive activities. By 1972 I had written six other books, none of which dealt with sex, but the FBI ignored them all. To confirm my subversive nature to the FBI during the period of its growing awareness of my existence, I was chairman of an ACLU of Southern California committee that dealt with sex, and that ultimately issued statements urging decriminalization of sexual activities between consenting adults and the legalization of abortion. As part of my volunteer activity I also spoke to numerous Southern California groups on homosexuality, abortion, pornography and other sex-related topics, many of which managed to get into my FBI file.

Once the FBI became aroused by my researches in the field of sex, it found that I was active in civil liberties causes as well, and this became a second overriding reason to monitor my activities. In the course of their investigations Hoover's agents reported (accurately) that I had organized a Fair Housing Council in the San Fernando Valley section of Los Angeles. They also reported that I had spoken to a Socialist Workers Party (SWP) meeting about women in history (a subject on which I had written one of those books that somehow never appeared in the report). I had also supported the efforts of Wendell B. Phillips Jr., in his struggle to be reinstated to the faculty of a California community college from which he had been dismissed because he belonged to the Socialist Workers Party. I had chaired a public meeting under the auspices of a campus ACLU chapter at which Dorothy Healey, then an officer of the Southern California Communist Party, had appeared. I had organized a teach-in against the war in Vietnam in 1965 and was active in the peace movement thereafter. I had traveled abroad in 1966-67 (on a Fulbright grant) and was reported by the FBI as being a dangerous subversive who was trying to arouse anti-U.S. feeling abroad.

Obviously the FBI could with assurance confirm that, by their attention to a writer on sex, they had unearthed a "real" subversive. My files list me as a "Communist" and classify me under something called "Category IV." Since I had never been a Communist I was eager to

Vern Bullough is professor of history at California State University, Northridge, director of the Center for Sex Research there, and one of the several vice presidents of the ACLU of Southern California. His most recent major book is Sexual Variance in Society and History (*Wiley Interscience*).

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find out why the FBI had so classified me and to know what was meant by Category IV. Was it, for example, more subversive than Category I or less subversive? In answer to my inquiry on these points, the FBI reported that those termed Communist and in the various categories of I through IV were "identified individuals who could have been detained in the event of a national emergency." The director of the FBI then added that, when this index was discontinued in 1971 because Congress at that time repealed the detention portion of the Internal Security Act of 1950, the FBI instituted its own administrative index to keep a list of individuals who could be considered dangerous in the event of a national emergency. Finally, the letter concluded, even this category had been dropped in January 1976. That was informative, as far as it went, but it didn't go as far as to explain why I was listed as a Communist of the fourth rank.

Throughout my files are statements that, according to "informed sources" within both the SWP and the Communist Party, I was not known as a member. That, however, did not deter the FBI in its attempt to build me up as a full-blown subversive. Though I have never subscribed to a clipping service of newspaper stories about my activities, my FBI file contains press data about only a small percentage of my actual speaking dates, and those from what could only be called right-wing papers. None, for example, came from either the *Los Angeles Times* or the *Herald-Examiner*. Inevitably, the right-wing coverage was highly selective. When the FBI reported that I had chaired the meeting at which Dorothy Healey spoke, it failed to note in the file that the same series had included speakers from the John Birch Society, the Nazi Party and several other non-mainstream political groups. Nor did it mention that the series had been deliberately organized to break the California ban against "subversive" speakers of either the Right or the Left on state-supported campuses. When the FBI reported that I had organized a teach-in, it neglected to add that the speakers represented both the pro- and anti-American position in Vietnam. While the FBI included a sample of my talks on sexual topics, it ignored hundreds of other speeches that I gave which dealt, not with sex but with such topics as adoption, the Fifth Amendment, women in history, or on medicine and professionalization—something about which I talked many times.

Eventually the FBI checked with other intelligence agencies in the federal bureaucracy and found that the Navy also had its file on me for what amounted to premature efforts to achieve integration; selective portions of this file were eventually added to my FBI file. Obviously, the FBI file on me was rather haphazard and heavily dependent on informants; as a result, it was highly inaccurate. The carelessness of informants was compounded, moreover, by the incompetence of agents assigned to investigate my background. One of them, for example, went to the Los Angeles school board to find out about my teacher certification. In the record, he expresses genuine surprise that college professors do not need to be certified by local school boards. In the early files the agent depended on *Contemporary Authors* for biographical data, and though he wrote to the universities that I had attended or those at which I taught, he never managed to go beyond the facts put forth there, and neither did his successors. There were occasional reports from some students in my classes, but not on any regular basis.

Each new update of the report is headed by an account of my interest in sex research, followed by a summary of my other activities. After 1967 the files also include the fact that I had traveled abroad and that overseas agencies had been alerted to keep watch on me and my family, since the FBI regarded me as a dangerous subversive. Since my CIA file contains none of these data, and the State Department claims it has no file on me, either these agencies are withholding information or the FBI was so busy making forms for its own files that it neglected to inform other agencies that I was probably making mischief overseas. I suspect the latter answer is the true one, since the FBI does not include any of my activities abroad, and lifts what is reported about my itinerary from an article in the campus newspaper.

In addition to their generalized incompetence, it appears that the FBI, either officially or unofficially, enjoyed leaking information about the existence of a file to friendly sources. When I ran for office in 1970 (unsuccessfully for State Assembly) some of my opponents had summaries of what I now find in my FBI file. When Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles appointed me Commissioner of Building and Safety in 1974, one of the City Councilmen made charges against me that seemingly came from my FBI file. When I asked the FBI about these matters, it replied that any dissemination or disposition of my FBI record was privileged information. Thus all I can do is hypothesize.

I had been active in the areas of civil rights and civil liberties, as well as in the peace movement well before the FBI became interested in me, so it was obviously what I wrote and said about sex that caught me in its net. The FBI seems to have been extremely anxious about sex, perhaps because J. Edgar Hoover feared it would be a major factor in the Communist undermining of America. Obviously, also, the FBI feared teach-ins, the peace movement, free speech and free assembly, fair housing and any number of other activities which most of us assume to be rights guaranteed under the Constitution.

While some FBI agents are now threatened with prosecution for illegal break-ins, most of them, if my file is any evidence, should be fired for incompetence. There are stories that Hoover silenced some of his would-be critics by threatening to release his files on them, exposing their sexual peccadilloes. I once found this hard to believe, but I now know that sex activity, even sex research, was one of the things the FBI gathered data about. What emerges from my file is a group of agents who were naive, afraid of dissent, deeply interested in the "naughty" subject of sex, but fearful of any open discussion of it, and essentially hostile to the Bill of Rights. The problem, which the Carter administration has yet to solve, is who shall police the guardians of public morality—a task that the FBI has so ineptly assigned to itself. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

One Step Backward

WILLIAM MORRIS: Romantic to Revolutionary. *By Edward P. Thompson. Pantheon Books. 825 pp. $17.95.*

MORSE PECKHAM

The first edition of this book appeared in 1955. Thompson's purpose then was to demonstrate that it has been a mistake to dismiss Morris's socialism as an odd aberration of a remarkable artist and a worse mistake to dismiss his writings on society and politics as of no theoretical or practical importance. Particularly, as a Marxist, Thompson wished to disprove the usual interpretation of Morris's thinking as only superficially Marxist and above all to deny the commonly accepted notion that Morris repudiated Marxism in his last years. To accomplish all this required a detailed study of and extensive research into Morris's efforts, as Morris put it, to make Socialists, into his sociopolitical propaganda, and into his struggle to disseminate it. Two-thirds of the book is devoted to this aspect of Morris's life. It is in part based on a good many unpublished documents deposited in the British Museum and elsewhere. The reader who is not intensely interested in the origins of British socialism and in its wealth of petty politics, quarrels, ideological differences, party splits and splitting of splits, will find the book fairly tedious; if he is seeking a straightforward biography of Morris, he will do better to turn to Philip Henderson's biography, the second edition of which was published in 1973.

Nevertheless, to anyone interested in the question of how an innovative political ideology is established within a country the ruling powers of which are intensely opposed to it, Thompson's work is of great interest. When Morris entered upon this political activity in the 1880s, it was not so novel an experience to him as Thompson appears to believe. The general strategy he employed was virtually identical with his encounter with the Pre-Raphaelites in Oxford in the 1850s, a group controlled by an innovative ideology of art and, when Morris entered it, already reasonably well established, for the reason that the newly rich of the age of capitalistic industrialism needed to buy paintings. The establishment in the 1860s of the famous Firm provided a center for the dissemination of Pre-Raphaelite taste in the decorative arts. The church building and restoring activities of the time provided a ready market. In short, when Morris began his socialistic activities he was already richly experienced in the establishment of innovation within an initially hostile culture. In the 1860s and 1870s he had put the pattern into operation in a new field, poetry, first with a trial balloon, *The Life and Death of Jason*, and then with the massive attack in the successive volumes of the collection of verse tales, *The Earthly Paradise*.

Nor were either of these enterprises, the socialistic or the artistic and poetic, without precedent. On the contrary. A famous sociologist of the present has expressed to me surprise that the artists of 1907-08—those who leaped into the modern style—were able to maintain their position in spite of general opposition. But by that time the pattern of sustaining Romantic alienation from the sociocultural environment and of sustaining an aggressive defiance of that environment was already so well established, and had been for nearly a hundred years, that the required behavior presented no difficulties. How it was done was well-known and had been put into effect hundreds of times throughout Europe and America. It was not a mere matter of sustaining alienation, or even of forming around oneself a little group to provide the redundant assurance that one was in the right. Rather, to maintain that alienation, the level of aggression had to be raised, and the strategy for raising that level was cultural vandalism, an attack upon the ideologies of the dominant culture and every possible exemplification of that ideology, whether exploitation of labor or academic painting. Morris himself devoutly wished for the total destruction of modern civilization. It is impossible not to sympathize with him. If he thought that the 19th century was the age of the shoddy, he was fortunate not to have lived in the 1970s.

In the 1880s Morris's problem was that the ideology of Pre-Raphaelite art and decoration had become successful, as had his poetry. He was threatened with being reabsorbed into a culture he detested, as all the Romantics have detested it, right to this very day, and that reabsorption was being accomplished by what he most hated, commercialism. Thompson appears to believe that Morris's dilemma in the 1860s and 1870s was the result of "the degeneration of the English Romantic movement." Now it is true that in the 1860s Morris's despair was by no means unique, nor confined to England. It is to be found all over Europe. In the 1860s Swinburne moved from a realization of the tyranny of erotic love, to a realization of the tyranny of the family, to a realization of the tyranny of society. Wagner was tearing aside all human illusions; so was Tennyson; Baudelaire, Flaubert, Melville and Hawthorne all were symptoms of the same crisis. But I cannot agree with Thompson that this was a degeneration of romanticism. Rather, it was romanticism realizing the consequences of its ideological assumptions; and those assumptions may be stated as the acceptance of an irresolvable tension between subject and object, between mind and world, between man and nature. Thus the history of romanticism in the 19th and 20th centuries has been the history of a progressive dismantlement of, first, the epistemological, next, the ideological, and then the cultural superstructure of Western civilization. From this point of view—indeed, from almost any point of view—Marx was a thoroughgoing Romantic. But was Morris's movement into Marxism a step forward on that analytic path, or was it regressive?

Thompson sees that step as a transformation of romanticism, a revival of hope, and ultimately a transcendence of Marxism. For my taste by far the most interesting part of this book is the "Postscript: 1976." It is filled with arresting ideas, both about Morris and about Marxism, and where there is a conflict between the two, Thompson prefers Morris. "Marxism requires less a reordering of its parts than a sense of humility before those parts of culture which it can never order." Twenty years of thinking about Morris, a period which also saw the publication of Thompson's superb *The Making of the English Working Class*, has led him to

Morse Peckham is Distinguished Professor of English and Comparative Literature at the University of South Carolina, and the author of Victorian Revolutionaries.

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the belief that Morris goes beyond Marxism in recognizing a place in human life for desire, and in facing the fact that desire in men must be both elicited and trained. In this vision Thompson sees Morris as exemplifying "a new kind of sensibility."

But he has, I feel, not seen deeply enough into Morris, and this gives him the notion that Morris's is "a new kind of sensibility." He bases this, of course, on perceiving a deep split between Morris's socialism and his "aestheticism." After he became a Socialist, for Morris art became, Thompson says, merely a relaxation; it became something he would willingly abandon for the sake of a decent society. But this is to take too superficially the term "aestheticism" as an adequate description of what was going on in late 19th-century romanticism. Thompson has, I think, missed one of the most obvious attributes of *News from Nowhere*. It is a *style* of life which Morris is presenting and praising.

After the mid-century crisis of romanticism, a crisis which saw all explanations and justifications of life as illusions, it became necessary to adopt a stance which would sustain the Romantic but which also would be metaphysically neutral. Everywhere in Western culture in the late 19th century the emergent Romantic ideology is the ideology of "style." It is at the center of Nietzsche's thinking. "Stylism," not "aestheticism," is the illuminating term. And that metaphysical neutrality accounts for the disappearance of religion and nationalism in *News from Nowhere*.

I am suggesting that the deep appeal for Morris of Socialist activism was the *style* of existence it offered, already made and in its behavior pattern not different from what he had already exemplified in his previous mode of maintaining alienation. I cannot accept the notion that Morris exemplified "a new kind of sensibility." Rather he exemplified the kind of sensibility that all the advancing Romantics were exemplifying. The training in desire is to be a training in style. It is written all over in *News from Nowhere*, and it is the ideological function of the late prose romances. Morris's stylism is exemplified even in his clothes, an elegant adaptation of proletarian costume.

Morris's entry into socialism and Marxism, then, was a step forward on the analytic path of romanticism, but was there a regressive factor in that move? I believe so. Morris did not entertain the notion that the revolutionary removal of the social and economic superstructure would automatically create an egalitarian community of mankind. His Romantic stylism protected him from that simple-mindedness. Nevertheless, his conviction that a satisfactory style of life could be created was derived from the abstraction that man is a social animal and that without hierarchical exploitation and in a condition of egalitarianism his fundamental attribute would be a community of affection. The anthropologist George Buelow has proposed that if bees and ants are social animals, then men—or more precisely, hominids—are not. I believe he is right. Really, one has only to meditate on the enormous energy we pour into telling each other that we are social animals. If we were, that redundancy would scarcely be necessary. Utopianism is the belief that man can be redeemed from sin and vicious economic systems *because* he is by "nature" a social animal, capable "naturally" of a community of affection. This can happen either after death in heaven, or, as the Enlightenment proposed, on earth sooner or later, or, as Marx proposed, in common with a good many Romantics of his generation, on earth as the result of an immanent historical process.

Morris appears to be saying that man is naturally social, but that his fulfillment as a member of an affectionate community can be accomplished only by training him in a style of life the

HATH THE DROWNED NOTHING TO DREAM

Among milkweed, in the wide-shaking wind
that unlocks each eye the carpenter
stops, his board balanced
on his shoulder. Something triggers

the riverlight on the underedge of leaves,
the flat ringing of helpers' hammers
looms in delicate song. The term
of his mourning circles back

on itself. Hey, *he shouts to the roofers.*
Her hair is in his eyes, its falling
at her waist in starlight, music
he suddenly begins to dance to

as if it were not that black force pooling
under the C&O slagheap, not the dream
murderous among the crickets where
she, so long, had lain

humming in his ear. The glint in the green
is like wedding silver flushed
from mud and roots, and it clicks
for that first usage, his ear

lives again and suddenly the board whirls.
Out of the darkened eye of the earth
he becomes the dreamed self rising
back to life and the moment

spreads into the shadowy faces of helpers.
On roofs, under timbers, out of trucks
they see the miracle of absurd light
spinning from his bodyweight

and there is not anything to keep off now
their need to leap up from the nails,
to cry back Hey, *though each one*
tomorrow will not remember.

And he, when he falls dizzied and sinking,
will think it was only a dream that,
in the long madness of labor,
would be heart-breaking if it lasted.

Dave Smith

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model for which is not civilization but a beautiful barbarism, a word which Morris always uses eulogistically. For Morris to maintain that an adequate society is possible is regressive from the Romantic position of irresolvable tension between subject and object, between mind and world, between man and nature, between, then, any two human beings. He took a step forward in the continuing Romantic dismantlement of the ideological superstructure of Western culture. And that step was into late 19th-century stylism. But he took a step backward when he accepted a humanistic redemptionism. Hence his paradox: man is naturally social, but must be trained to be social. Thompson concludes his book, a remarkable achievement in spite of my qualifications, with the sentences, "So he still paces ahead of us, no longer 'lonely' but still in the van—beckoning us forward to the measureless bounty of life. He is one of those men whom history will never overtake." Aside from the fact that at the moment the bounty of life seems to be turning out to be anything but measureless, history, in the form of at least a few thousand individuals in the world, has already overtaken Morris.

If it is sentimental to believe that only the structure of society prevents men from developing a social community free from aggressive-destructive interaction and free from the control of hierarchy and force—a society in which man's capacities and potentialities will be fulfilled, a prospect that terrifies me—then Marx, Morris, and Thompson are social sentimentalists. The explanation for that sentimentality, as I believe it to be, is to be found in their language, especially in three deceptive words: "science," which they use in the sense it has in "Science of Theology" but imagine they are using in the sense it has in "Science of Physics"; "system," which implies an immanent structure in economic interaction, a structure which no economist has ever been able to identify; "society," which subsumes the totality of the behavioral interactions, including those of the individual with himself, of the entire population within a designated area, and implies a persistent structure. Since a theory of "society" must be founded on a theory of human behavior, and since no such theory exists which is scarcely even worth the trouble of reading, to talk about "society" as if we knew all about it when in fact we know nothing about it and do not even know if such a thing exists, is absurd.

Such words—and there are many of them—are highly abstract, at a lofty and sublime regression from observable phenomena. They subsume everything and explain nothing. They are part of culture, or learned behavior, and culture, or *Geist*, does not reveal the world, but mostly veils it, so that we may continue to exist, for a while. Such words, as in the writings of Marx, Morris, and Thompson—and how many others—are peculiarly suitable for eliciting moral indignation, the consolation of the social sentimentalist. No, in spite of Thompson's splendid defense Morris does not tell us what the human world is, or what it might be. His social writing is one of the innumerable rhetorical strategies which sustain what Hegel called "right," the recognition of the "personhood" of others which makes an economic and mutually exploitative interaction possible. □

Judicious and Inoffensive

SHATTERED PEACE: The Origins of the Cold War and the National Security State. *By Daniel Yergin. Houghton Mifflin Co. 526 pp. $15.*

BRUCE KUKLICK

Daniel Yergin is a careful young scholar with appropriate connections to Yale, Harvard and the New York liberal establishment. His first book, *Shattered Peace*, is not "the definitive work" on the cold war that his jacket copy maintains but it is worth reading if only because it elegantly synthesizes a great deal of writing on this period in recent American history. Yergin is already, moreover, a commentator of some repute on international affairs, and his book deserves notice, more importantly, because it evinces the mood and sensibility of received opinion on foreign policy. Self-consciously eschewing the anti-American revisionism of the 1960s, Yergin is one of the new moderate pundits, blending a friendly detachment from United States policy with constructive criticism.

Shattered Peace is essentially a tale of the growth of an anti-Communist consensus among the American diplomatic elite from 1943 to 1950. The "Yalta axioms," espoused most prominently by Franklin Roosevelt, had made the assumption that the United States could deal with the Russians, that conflict might be endemic in the postwar world but not irreconcilable. By 1947 American statesmen supposed, on the contrary, that the Soviets intended the violent destruction of the capitalist West. Moscow could not live in peace with other nations, and this fact required responsible American officials to be relentlessly vigilant against the Russians and to oppose all their initiatives firmly. These assumptions—Yergin calls them the "Riga axioms" after the Baltic port city that was a hostile American listening post on Bolshevism in the 1920s—came to dominate cold-war foreign policy, and much of the book recounts how Dean Acheson and his contemporaries reacted to the perceptions of Soviet behavior embodied by the Riga axioms. While Yergin is acutely aware that Moscow's activity was seen through the lens of the Riga axioms, his primary focus is nonetheless a rich and nuanced account of the American assumptions in action. Usually taking them at face value, he weaves into his story of high international policy the personalities of diplomats, administrative infights and the constraints of domestic politics. The narrative is always balanced and judicious.

Simultaneously Yergin sometimes delicately implies that the Soviet Union was a conservative power, devoted to spheres of influence and the security of her borders, and frightened by American belligerence. His remarks occasionally insinuate that the Riga axioms *distorted* what was going on, that they reflected "messianic liberalism," a reaching for "the mandate of heaven." Then again, Yergin contends that the axioms were not "blinding dogma"—they uncovered truly ominous and rapacious aspects of Stalin's policies.

Shattered Peace is an extraordinarily thoughtful book, and what is troubling about it is Yergin's scrupulous unwillingness to examine the status of the conflicting sets of "axioms" that organize his 500-page volume. My complaint is not so much that Yergin can't decide how hostile the Russians really were. What he is talking about when he artfully uses the language of codified perceptions and of the postulates of American conduct is diplomatic ideology—the intellectual rationale common to the likes of Acheson, Harry Truman, George Kennan and Averell Harriman. Yergin is prudent not to offend some of the *Foreign Affairs* types who com-

Bruce Kuklick edits the American Quarterly.

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pose his audience by being more explicit about how twisted American principles were. In any event he speaks enough truths about American arrogance and aggressiveness that he will draw the fire of many conservatives and foreign affairs dilettantes with a 1950s mentality. Although certain to be touted by the vital center as an antidote to revisionism, Yergin will not be a favorite of those experts who write as if the study of recent diplomacy is the last refuge of patriotism.

My problem is then not really with the truth of the axioms but rather that Yergin is almost calculating in his failure to examine their cultural and economic sources. These precepts surely justified United States policy, as Yergin repeatedly points out, but he assiduously avoids exploring the social structure to which they were connected. What interests did these self-evident principles serve? Were their most articulate adherents from any well-defined social group? Was the motive for espousing them anything more than dedication to liberal international views?

To queries like this, *Shattered Peace* contentedly asserts that the Americans were sincere. The response won't do. No one was more sincerely committed to the Riga axioms than Secretary of Defense James Forrestal and, as Yergin observes, Forrestal was crazy enough to be institutionalized. One can't help wonder if the cold warriors were not as jointly paranoid as they claimed the rulers of the Kremlin to be. The more important issue, however, concerns the relation of the diplomatic group consciousness to its social locus. Yergin meticulously shuns investigating any bonds that may have existed between the axioms and the sinews of heavily industrialized liberal capitalism. Even when he gets around to analyzing the notion of the national security states as a "Commanding Idea" in American foreign policy, he doesn't venture much beyond the realm of concepts despite the obvious links between national security and the defense industry, business-government alliances, and postwar prosperity. Yergin is otherwise so thorough, painstaking and conscientious in digging up material that his circumspection is the more remarkable in dealing with these crucial issues.

I said at the beginning of this review that Yergin's book displays one aspect of the intellectual mood of the 1970s. And so it does. Sixties revisionism was often strident and uncharitable but it was also unflaggingly critical, determined not to be put off by the men of power. It's now much easier to put academic interpreters off. Foreign policy savants display almost a collective *mauvaise foi* in their distaste for putting diplomats to the question. If the examination is going to be unpleasant, the solution is to avert one's eyes. For all its merits—and there are many—*Shattered Peace* exhibits this failing. Yergin *is* a careful scholar, but one part of the great care of his book is the anxiety lest it offend.

It is no secret that the radical reappraisal of American diplomacy was called forth by the war in Vietnam, and discussion since that time, similarly, can be associated with the more recent politics of reconciliation. But the Pentagon Papers, the Watergate tapes and the CIA disclosures have tended to confirm the most extravagant claims the Left made about the United States in the 1960s. Yet these disclosures have had no impact at all on students of foreign affairs. The time has long since past for the critical intelligence of the 1960s to be essentially incorporated into the thinking of the higher journalists of international politics. However distasteful it may be to the powerful, we must have more trenchant analyses of some of the operative American policies in the postwar period—neo-imperialism, global expansionism, the explosion of military spending, the support of reaction around the world, and the growth of clandestine intelligence agencies. □

Two-Way Mirrors

THE REAL LIFE OF SEBASTIAN KNIGHT. By Vladimir Nabokov. *New Directions. 205 pp. Paper $2.45.*

NABOKOV: His Life in Part. *By Andrew Field. The Viking Press. 285 pp. $15.*

J. D. O'HARA

"The true conflict is not between the characters of a novel, but between author and reader," Nabokov has said. "The Nabokovs very much believe in winning," says Andrew Field, in his characteristic style.

All too many of Nabokov's readers will nod their heads knowingly over the juxtaposed passages above, sadly or even masochistically resigned to a literary relationship in which they are recurrently overmatched, fated to lose, sweating in conflict with a multilingual polymath who, though undoubtedly charming, will eventually embarrass them by plucking a cabbage from their ear and transforming it into a cabbage rose, a cabbage butterfly, a baggage cart . . . while the Nabokovs exchange smiles and sidelong looks.

Now, all this is foolish, humiliating, and quite unnecessary, but to revise the situation requires another understanding of literary conflict and of kindly winning. "Opposition is true Friendship," wrote Blake, positing a world in which our status quo is inadequate, temporary, and improvable through mental fight. If one applies Blake's comment to the ordinary dullards among one's acquaintances . . . but why bother? One's literary friendships are always with one's superiors—Shakespeare, Yeats, Joyce, Beckett, Nabokov—and such writers, by opposing their sense of life to ours, challenge us to rise above ourselves, bring out the best in us, as good friends do. The essential effect of a work of art is nicely expressed by Rilke's "Archaic Torso of Apollo," in which the spectator's absorbed perception of the heroic statue gives way suddenly to an awareness of its demand on him: *"Du musst dein Leben ändern"*—you must change your life. (Keats's urn says the same thing, though not to Keats.) To demand this and to set an example, to indicate a direction, constitutes art's greatest value, probably—far beyond didactic instruction, moral suasion, and maternal consolation. Nor need we infer a benignly or haughtily patronizing author. On the contrary the author, who had already labored mightily to become who he is, has been struggling with one exhausting work of art after another, each superior to himself in poise, clarity, wit, coherence and intensity.

An author is, in fact, extraordinarily situated: on the one hand, he must amuse and enlighten a reader who alternately hangs back, clinging obstinately to his personal notions about life, or rushes exuberantly forward in the wrong direction. (Gide begged his readers not to understand him too quickly.) But the author who is training this half-educated puppy is also, simultaneously, clawing his own way up a dark and pathless Parnassus. Under such circumstances who can blame the author who loses his cool, complains of his task as Wordsworth and T.S. Eliot do, or lectures us as do Dante and Milton? Yet some authors stay calm even in mid-cliff, and would never think of breaking up their

J.D. O'Hara teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

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lines to weep any more than a ballerina would think of mopping her brow in mid-*entrechat*. This cool detachment in the midst of intense effort, a quality that before the revolution we might have called aristocratic, characterizes remarkably few authors. It has no simple connection with social aristocracy—Shelley has more of it than Byron. Gide and Yeats possess it. In our own time the chief aristocrat of letters is Vladimir Nabokov, who transmutes his own wordless struggles with the muse and his audience into polished and intricate compositions that neither preach nor complain, and that delight us in proportion as we oblige ourselves to live up to them. "Conflict," then, like Blake's "opposition," is no more than a slanted term for this challenging opportunity, and if Nabokov wins it is because in the end we do climb toward him instead of simplifying him downward toward us. So everyone wins, and the conflict has raised no hackles and left no scars. All is well.

But losing to a fine author is not easy, for the reader or the author. One of the thousand weaknesses of language is that language is so much clearer than truth. Dante believed that God is love, that we can't help loving, and that all we need to do is love God. But he didn't dance through the Florentine streets singing *My Sweet Lord*. Nabokov also believes in simple things ("curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy"), and he also knows better than to equate them with undeveloped and unsupported assertions. Well, when an author develops and supports his opinions he does so out of the complex and unusual worlds that he inhabits. This obvious fact justifies literary biography: Dante's worlds—including his sense of them—differ from ours; so do Nabokov's. To know those worlds enables us to possess a valuable sense of the author's created worlds. One might object—Eliot and Auden did object—that a close reading of the works alone would suffice. But consider the notion, to which Jorge Luís Borges has drawn our attention, that there are unicorns all around us. If we don't realize this, it is simply because—never having seen a unicorn—we don't recognize them. We need instruction, and a biography can constitute such a guide to the author's *terra incognita*, allowing us to identify its fauna properly. How valuable we would find a biography of Shakespeare written by someone contemporary with the author, with access to him and to his acquaintances!

Well, maybe. . . . It would depend upon the biographer, after all, and his sense of what to look for, whom to believe, what to make of his findings, and how to report them. Some strange author-biographer combinations have succeeded, though—notably that of a learned and eccentric old Londoner and a brash, alcoholic young lion hunter from Scotland—and so a learned and eccentric old Russo-American residing in Switzerland might combine successfully with a brash young Russian-speaking American residing in Australia. It all comes down to a question of style: given the best opportunities, can such a biographer capture and evoke the personal worlds of such an author? Can the biographer of a stylist find a suitable style for a biographer?

In the present case, no. Except for occasional lumps of un-American slang, Andrew Field writes like someone gossiping over a back fence in backwoods New Jersey, backwardly. He reports on this master of the high style in the cheapest of language ("Nabokov himself has not been about to aid"); his writing bogs down in redundancy ("in my own mind I myself cannot disregard entirely . . ."); and he is especially fond of the reverse-meaning colloquialism: "I do not have too much information of interest about this interim"; "Nabokov never made any terribly close friends in America"; "Nabokov did not sleep terribly well"—a twitch especially grotesque when he observes about Nabokov's mother that "she died not too many months later."

When such language grapples with complex ideas like temporal relativity, it bruises easily. We learn for instance that "Korvin-Piotrovsky was in California, but that was much later," and that "when V.D. Nabokov died he had shortly before handed in a new chapter in his memoirs of a lifetime's passionate observance of opera and theatre." Field is a passionate qualifier of his statements, but qualifications aren't easy for him ("he was on rather amiable, or at least tolerably speaking, terms with them"), and even simple concepts elude the stubby fingers of his prose: "his social meetings with Nabokov were one of the very few literary acquaintanceships he had in exile." Needless to say, but necessary, Field is unable to guide us clearly through such busy subjects as the early days of the Russian Revolution or the worlds of the Russian émigrés. He possesses a great many facts, but he orders them vaguely and inconclusively, and all too often the continuity from paragraph to paragraph is difficult or impossible to intuit. And heaven help the reader who tries to refer back to something.

NOTES FOR CONTINUING THE PERFORMANCE

The brown wings twitch in the grass.
This is enough for now. Enough
to know the marrow of this battered limb
is green. Listen. They are playing

the concerto. They perform the music
as they give their lives to it,
although the concert hall is empty.
Where sunlight once fell simply

in the window, leaves like hands clapping
in another room rattle against each other,
can't let go of winter branches
creeping inch by inch across the glass.

A dead moth flutters in the screen.
A stunned bird doubts the air
will ever hold again. Still, we know
the continuity that agitates the hands

that stirs the useless wings, has kept
the small heart ticking in its rigid case.
It has happened many times before,
the shedding of the tough leaves

when invisible buds like fists unclosed
and pried them off. More than once
we've waked up, given nothing more than habit
to that green, that brief applause.

Anne Pitkin

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Field has avoided the irritating defects of his whimsical index to his earlier study, *Nabokov: His Life in Part*; the present volume has no index at all, nor any bibliography.

In Nabokov's first English novel, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, Sebastian's life is written or insinuated by his half-brother, V., whose research is impeded by false, irrelevant and distorted information. V. also has a disconcerting habit of looking in mirrors when discussing his brother, and at one point the novel plunges through the looking glass, when V. meets a man named Silbermann—silvered like the back of a mirror—who helps V. and then insists on paying him instead of accepting payment. What V. learns about Sebastian amounts to a heap of puzzle pieces, and maybe not all from the same puzzle; in addition, Sebastian's fragmented reality is made doubly puzzling by his variegated novels. Nabokov's exploration of biography ends with a nice ambivalence: the narrator's discovery "that the soul is but a manner of being—not a constant state—that any soul may be yours, if you find and follow its undulations" is poised against the reader's complementary realization that in various ways the characters, including V., have gone the opposite way and have turned Sebastian into reflections of themselves. Nor are they the only sources of distortion. There are curiously recurrent violets, for instance, reminding us perhaps that Viola is Sebastian's twin in *Twelfth (K) Night*; and knights and bishops recur strangely before Sebastian is taken by death in St. Damier. (*Damier* is chessboard in French.)

Nabokov has a Joycean fondness for life's puns, parallels and patterns, as this novel reminds us, and its welcome paperback publication, concurrent with the appearance of Field's biography, sets up some amusing instances of distorted mirroring. Like *Nabokov: His Life in Part*, Sebastian's life is written in a strange English: in 1941 Nabokov's command of vocabulary, grammar and especially punctuation was still fitful and eccentric. (The paperback text reproduces the hardcover edition, complete with errors, misprints, and Conrad Brenner's unintelligible introduction, which closes by describing the novel as "rare and glinted, fast beyond irony.") But the novel and the biography mirror each other in several ways, setting Field's exasperating incompleteness, shapelessness and flatness against the complex amusements and teasing suggestiveness of V.'s fictional biography. To some extent the novel suggests that if the real Sebastian is to be found anywhere, then all the arrows point to him as latent in his novels. Field's heaps of unprofitable facts also divert us toward Nabokov in his novels (and his autobiography *Speak, Memory*). A famous etymological excess once derived the Latin *lucus* (grove) from *lux* (light) on the principle *lucus a non lucendo*, groves being so named from their being lightlessly shadowy. The same shady reasoning afflicts the reader of the Field biography: finding no essential Nabokov in these thickets, one must conclude that he lives in the sunlit works. Were Auden and Eliot right?

Field reminds us that Nabokov comes out of a Russian and European past and that he took on a new world and a new expansion of life with his move to English and to America; but *Sebastian Knight* dramatizes evocatively what it might be to be split in half, at once clinging to the past and renouncing it, with V. resisting the New World and Sebastian embracing it, only to succumb to the lures of a Franco-Russian siren. Field shows us where the Nabokovs have been; but *Sebastian Knight* reveals implicitly significant patterns and relationships within the motions of external existence. Field shows us this or that factual origin of a detail in a Nabokov work; but Nabokov shows Sebastian's subtle shifts of life into art and intrigues us with more complicated links, as when a stranger's diary and a picture postcard create Sebastian's childhood, which is then furnished with a duel from Pushkin's life and a result from Nabokov's own—all this in the first chapter—plus even more curious things, as when the first naming of Sebastian's mother, Virginia, seems to generate the absurd Gogolian detail that "their first meeting was connected with a fox-hunt in Rome." In short, it's as if the young Nabokov set out to upstage his future biographer.

Sebastian Knight is a lively and amusing biography, chock-full of sensible observations about identity and appearance, and it reaches properly complicated conclusions. Field concludes with such observations as that "he will say Yes to life in whatever form it presents itself to him." Well, maybe . . ., but V. makes a relevant comment in comparing his own writing with Sebastian's:

> The difference between his power of expression and mine is comparable to that which exists between a Bechstein piano and a baby's rattle. I would never have let him see the least sentence of this book lest he should wince at the way I manage my miserable English. And wince he would.

When you read Field's book—and all Nabokov fans must do so, if only for the direct quotations—perhaps you might consider alternating: one chapter of Field, three of *Sebastian Knight*, one of Field. . . . The result is amusing in itself, and good practice for your next reading of *Pale Fire*. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Mimi Blum, aged about 50, sells fish from a stand on a Brussels square. She is insane and is cared for by a Man, otherwise not identified, though eventually he is placed. David Rheinhardt, an American painter of large frame and appetites and currently enjoying great professional success in Brussels, becomes obsessed by Mimi's affliction, involves himself ever more deeply in the affairs of the almost inarticulate woman and guardian, and in the end is himself on the verge of madness.

That is the bare outline of *High Street*, a Franco-Belgian picture directed by André Arnotte. It is a small, intensely felt and scrupulously made film that could well be overlooked in this summer of melodramatic catastrophe.

The principal reason for paying attention to *High Street* is the quality of the acting achieved by Annie Cordy as Mimi, Bert Struys as the Man and Mort Shuman as the American. The action, though vivid to the threshold of pain, is essentially circular, a cyclical repetition of a single situation. Mimi is deranged because, one night early in her marriage to David Blum, the Nazis came, dragged him out of the kitchen, loaded him into a bus and drove him off, presumably to the gas ovens, leaving her with a dead child in a street full of people who dared not become involved. Hence, whenever a bus appears in the neighborhood (and they often do, for this is the Greenwich Village of Brussels), Mimi is flung violently back into that night, beating at the door of the vehicle, screaming her husband's name (that is how Rheinhardt, also David, first became aware of her), cursing the passers-by who will not come to her aid. It is a brilliant, harrowing performance, Mlle. Cordy looking, in features and recurring attitude, enough like the distracted woman in Edward Munch's "Le Cri" that I suspect she and Arnotte were remembering that painting. In the moments of withdrawn calm between frenzies, one sees that she had been a handsome woman, but even then her driven mind is filled with the malign cunning of the totally distraught. Struys is also extraordinarily

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CHILDHOOD

Geese ram at the moon,
flying, silent.
Their shadows are all you see,
locked in your tight room.
Their calls wake you every morning.

But this autumn,
they will go forever.
Dream, calculate,
the sweeping black line won't flock
back next summer,

streaming past your small eye.
They're gone.
And freed of your tight room,
you can play whatever you like,
stretched, like the trap's tension.

William Bedford

affecting; he manages to project a sustained and generalized rage held in check by complete submission to his fierce companion, a state of mind difficult to communicate, since the key to the Man's survival is passivity.

Shuman also does well with the job that is laid out for him; he looks the part wonderfully well, which is a help, but nevertheless it seems to me not finally convincing. At the start, Rheinhardt is that cliché, the rutting bull of a creative genius, who knocks out masterpieces as fast as the infatuated public can write checks to pay for them. Then, having heard Mimi's cry, he begins rapidly to lose control of his own life in an attempt to penetrate hers. He wants to help her, to restore her reason if possible; in any case to relieve her poverty, but she will not accept him, nor will the Man, and the medical authorities will not become involved. (Incredibly, they let her run amok through the streets, to the great danger of herself and the traffic of Brussels.) Perhaps it makes sense, but the clues to Rheinhardt's behavior seem missing. True, like Mimi's husband, he is a Jew named David; but though that might well account for his interest, it does not explain his collapse. At one point the Man accuses Rheinhardt of using Mimi as a release for his own sense of guilt. But guilt about what? About being a rich, fashionably canny painter, perhaps.

Like most studies of insanity, the picture becomes monotonous. You cannot call that a fault of the film; it is its essence, because madness is first horrifying and thereafter boring—an endless repetition of a ritual. The people of Mimi's neighborhood are shown to be harsh to her; they swear at her, laugh at her, turn their backs on her. It is cruel, or so it seems to Rheinhardt, but they have been enduring her for a long time. And before the film is over, the audience too may feel that it has put up with a lot. It has been said of *High Street* that it is a powerful reminder of the wickedness embodied in Nazism, but that is something I need no help to remember. More important, I think, the picture forces one to admit that only the most saintly among us can forgive the lunatic for his affliction. It is hard to reach out to Mimi (for most of us it may be impossible), because it is futile. And if one persists, one may end up like Rheinhardt, beating at the doors of a bus. That last, I think, is a bit of psychological hyperbole, but it makes a point. We serve only ourselves when we pretend to pity the insane; in fact, we harden our hearts against a pain we cannot alleviate. □

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Athens

Art critics take their cues from the art of the present, and visiting Greece for the first time this summer occasional links of classical and modern art have occurred to me. It is not so much the established debt of Picasso or Braque to classical painting that I had in mind; that belongs to art history now. Is there a connection between the wedge-shaped cut into the hillside of the so-called Agamemnon's Tomb at Mycenae and Michael Heizer's "Double Negative" in Nevada? There is a decided physical resemblance. Or a comparison might be drawn between a popular art of current Greece and the folksy constructions of H.C. Westerman. His boxes are echoed, and upstaged, by the little shrines that line the roads between towns. They are like little domed Byzantine churches, whitewashed gateposts, meat safes on skinny legs, or mailboxes: each has windows and a door to give access to lamp, oil and icon for the small dedications of passers-by. On the whole, however, it was the audience and its relation to the classical sites that interested me: art and tourism seemed the important matter.

Ortega observed almost half a century ago, in *The Revolt of the Masses*, that if you looked around you saw more people than you used to. This is as true of museums and classical sites as of restaurants and beaches. Tourism has created a population of travelers for culture that earlier art lovers would consider excessive. Present-day elitists concur and I know what they mean. The traffic pattern on the Acropolis is hectic, with parties getting mixed up like lines on the street at a multi-movie theatre. The National Archaeological Museum at Athens is a babel of tour guides and so is the museum at Heraklion—not obviously a Pop site this one. The noise level is hard on people trained to close attention and accustomed, also, to the proprietary feeling of occupying an almost empty museum. It would be wonderful to see the Temple of Poseidon at Sunion as Byron saw it when he made his graffiti there, without all the people. On the other hand, I got there the same way they did (by bus) and in Byron's time less of the temple was visible. Subsequent excavation and restorative archaeology make possible a less picturesque, more complete reading of the building on its commanding site.

Elitist resistance to space sharing with the enlarged audience sometimes seems justified. While I was in the theatre at Epidaurus the marvelous acoustics were demonstrated first by a Japanese choir, then by a French couple doing an old music-hall song. Maybe these were the ten minutes of fame that Warhol proposed for everybody in the world, but it seemed gross to me. Still, too much should not be made of such *agents provocateurs* of the mob. Again, I would not have been at Epidaurus without the apparatus of mass transport. One has to settle for the fact of antagonistic, multiple use: we were brought together by leisure, income and mobility and these cut across aesthetic differences.

An archaeological site is the public aspect of research, some of it ultimately published, much of it preserved in archives, but all of it representing an indispensable increase in our knowledge of past culture. To take away the tourists, to return the Grand Tour to the sons (not the daughters) of wealthy families or to writers with grants would be to silence a part of the past. Public access and continued research are reciprocal. It is true that major excavations in Greece are largely in the hands of other Europeans and Americans, but tourist curiosity in the sites and the hoards insures continued government interest. Foreign income spent on local services and products is a constituent in the economy of the country.

An art critic in Greece: once this would have involved the consultation of

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classics, savoring the irrevocable proportions of sculptures and temples. However, the notion of Greek classicism as a canon of perfect form and the experience of Greece as a place, as a network of sites, are hard to reconcile. Ancient Greek ruins have no heritage in modern Greece. In Rome, Greek-derived classical architecture is continuous with later Renaissance art, the Baroque and Neo-Classicism, but not so in Greece. The sites are discontinuous with the country now, except as a resource of tourism. (Earthquakes and neglect, Turks and Christians, have all intervened.) Thus classicism is experienced as something theoretical, neither a part of the ongoing culture nor exemplified in the remains.

Going to Greece made me realize the extent to which a country's visual culture is not summarized in a few compact monuments, like, say, the Apollo Belvedere, the Farnese Hercules, or the Venus de Milo. The hieratic terraces at Delphi, with the effort of ascent; the centrifugal flow of the Acropolis to the 360-degree horizon; the L formed by Marble Street and the Street of the Curators at the base of the hill at Ephesus—these are environmental experiences. A few sculptures, usually subtracted from such complexes as these, have taken on a false authority as norms. Also in opposition to the classicizing of Greek art is the experience of the excavated site. In archaeology there are few complete entities or whole objects: everything is fragmented, layered, or inferential.

Museum collections, like the British Museum or the Metropolitan Museum, are drawn from global sources and presented to an originally stay-at-home public. Mass travel, with its links to education and affluence, is revising this relationship. Museums, together with the schools and colleges to which they are bound, now instigate mobility in their public. The museum is not only a repository of great works but a stimulus to travel. Tourism is not a retirement activity but one factor in the general expansion of 20th-century culture. The aesthetic of the consultable site, instead of the consultable object, is likely to have its effect on our broad view of art. Already the idea of classicism as a standard of form, dismantled by 19th-century expressionists and realists, does not survive a visit to the source. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Stockholm

Apart from my ignorance of its language, it is difficult for me to generalize about the theatre in Sweden because I saw only five productions during a week in the capital. Certain facts, however, are impressive. The deficits of the operatic and dramatic national theatre are covered by state funds to the tune of $18.5 million. The companies tour throughout the country, which has a population of a little more than 8 million.

The Swedish Theatre Center handles these tours, as well as those of permanent ensembles and other theatres. In the 1975-76 season, the Center presented more than 4,000 performances, for which the state grant was almost $10 million.

Fourteen regional theatres are partially supported by state grants given in the form of a certain sum per person for personnel expenses, generally 55 percent of what each employee costs a theatre. The only way the state can influence the work of these theatres is by changing the number of people for whom it provides grants. County councils and municipalities meet the costs the grants do not cover. Since the early 1960s the number of theatrical performances has more than doubled, while attendance has increased from 2 million to 3 million.

There are certain peculiarities in the conduct of the state theatres. An actor who has been retained by a company for three seasons gains tenure. There are no understudies. An actor who has created a role cannot be replaced by another. I cannot judge whether this is a beneficial or harmful procedure. I heard of an actor who created the name part at his theatre in Goethe's *Faust*, and refused to relinquish it when he had grown too old to be convincing.

I found the acting in the plays I saw accomplished without being striking. In *Erik XIV*, a Strindberg play written in 1899 about a 16th-century Swedish king, the central role demands an actor of major stature. The character, as written, has something of Strindberg's own eccentricity and psychological complexity:

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lunatic and genius, a superman with a fatal sense of inferiority. In Russia, years ago, the part became one of the signal creations of that extraordinary actor, Michael Chekhov (Anton Chekhov's nephew). In Stockholm, Thommy Berggren, an admired member of the Royal Dramatic Theatre (the *Drammaten*) who played Joe Hill in a film directed by Bo Widerberg, lacked the emotional depth required to make the king's agonizing duality arresting or moving. The setting and staging were wholly inadequate for the play's scope.

More interesting, though most of my colleagues among the American delegation to the 17th Congress of the International Theatre Institute thought it a dismal bore, was the production at Stockholm's City Theatre of Strindberg's visionary *Dream Play*. First produced in Strindberg's Intimate Theatre in 1907, it is accounted by many to be one of his supreme achievements. Intricately symbolic—it is an historically seminal piece in its anticipation of expressionism and other latter-day dramatic tendencies—it calls for a production of great imagination and intensity. The daughter of the Hindu deity comes down to earth and discovers "the anguish of being human." It is a bitterly ironic phantasmagoria in which Strindberg manifests in a long series of startling images the full panoply of his derisions, torments, confessions and prayers.

Ingmar Bergman has just directed the play in Munich—it needs his tragic insight—but in the production I saw it was done in a style close to a children's charade. Puppets were used along with actors and for the most part the inanimate creatures were the more expressive. The play thus became an "entertainment." But the impatience and rejection of the entire event expressed by most of the audience's foreign contingent struck me as rather shortsighted. For only a knowledge of the text in Swedish would make it possible for one to estimate whether the use of the puppets (some of them quite amusing in themselves) added any special illumination or sharp comment to the dialogue and content of each episode.

In a way, the most gratifying performance I saw was a children's piece called *The Pitcher Is Empty*, about parents' daily difficulty in dealing with their young. Here, too, actors worked with puppets to delightful effect. This, along with *Dream Play*, made me wonder whether a fascination with puppets was the lighter side of the Swedish mooniness.

In the smaller quarters of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, a visually handsome production was given to a play by Sven Delblanc based on his novel, *Castrates*. It takes place during the Renaissance and is a philosophically pessimistic exposition of the impotence of art to affect history. The dialogue is so densely discursive, though perhaps intellectually provocative, that even some of those familiar with Swedish found it difficult to follow.

An unusual though not wholly novel mounting excited one's interest in this play. Four different settings were placed at different times in the four walls of the theatre space. The seats could be swiveled to face each scene in turn. Costumes, furniture and props—including toilet facilities of the period—were most attractive, the acting smooth.

Plays of "social significance" begin to be more common in Sweden than they were before the 1960s. Among these, the great hit of the season is *Chez Nous*. To quote a résumé, it deals with "the hidden economic criminality in Sweden and the lack of ability and will on the part of the press to investigate this crime." It is well played, but the audience seemed more pleasantly piqued by it than stirred. Its co-author is P.O. Enquist, whose first play, *Night of the Tribades* (promised for Broadway next season), has been a success in Stockholm and elsewhere on the Continent. It is about Strindberg's tortured marital relations with his first actress wife, Siri von Essen.

The evening most emphatically enjoyed by the delegates of the International Theatre Institute was at Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppeia*. This was due not alone to the generally well-sung performance by a good-looking cast but also by the charming environment of the 18th-century Drottningholm Court Theatre, thirty minutes by bus from Stockholm. (It was in this theatre that Bergman filmed his *Magic Flute*.) What most enchanted the audience was a staging that employed the theatre's original apparatus. The small auditorium was dimly illuminated, as was the stage, in imitation of the old candle lighting, and the machinery for moving scenery was what it was when the theatre was built.

A student production of Büchner's *Wozzeck* was liked by many—especially for its animal characterizations! And still others were enthusiastic about a production of a play by the old Danish playwright, Ludwig Holberg, "the Molière of the North," done in the open air in a sort of Punch and Judy fashion.

While almost everything else in Stockholm is expensive, playgoing is cheap: the top price being about $4. □

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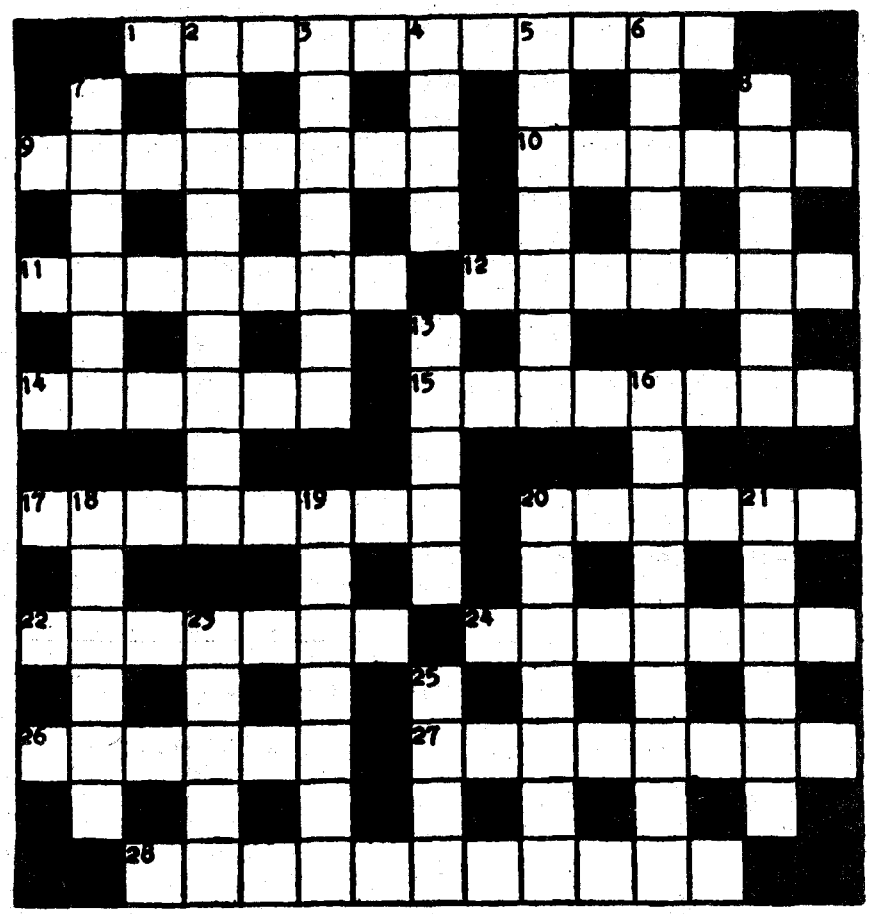
Crossword Puzzle No. 1687

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It's a serious attack for such as the colonies fought against, despite the best description a dish can have. (3,3,1,4)
9 Is in very decent surroundings, yet you might punish one this way. (8)
10 No longer healthy to breathe, in part. (6)
11 The shag end is chopped up and ground together. (7)
12 It's a man in trouble that shows endurance. (7)
14 Concerning what's over the table, in a sense. (6)
15 Making them stay in stone? (8)
17 What the cop may have told you should be worn. (8)
20 Vigor applied to wrong-doing still helps the digestion. (6)
22 Spring ones had nothing to do with Koko's case. (7)
24 Possibly the race of such as Mr. Chips. (7)
26 No part, perhaps, of what the artist might want. (6)
27 Such beauties are 22. (8)
28 He made a lot of people flee from the land and fill the road in confusion. (5,6)

DOWN

2 and 23 What's a little earth, as they say, coincidentally? (3,1,5,5)
3 Would someone like Snow White be the best judge? (7)
4 Might it contain film or music and dance perhaps? (4)
5 and 7 If you say so, it might be a tip concerning what the second wave of revolutionaries often does. (4,3,6)
6 A prophet in human form. (7)
7 See 5 down
8 Are such men the 3 type? (6)
13 Some people with credit cards don't this and 25. (5)
16 Their copy makes one sanctimonious. (9)
18 Take the baggage out—there's no charge if you do! (6)
19 There's nothing in spring like barbital! (7)
20 Here, now, is something for Christmas. (7)
21 He was due to make his appearance on the stage in an old-fashioned way. (6)
23 See 2 down
25 This and 13 describe some markets. (Check, and you might not need it there.) (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1686

ACROSS: 1 Boys will be boys; 9 Bygones; 10 Yule log; 11 Gouged; 12 Cushions; 14 Tailors; 15 Aisle; 17 Doing; 19 Lily-pad; 21 Ecstatic; 23 Grease; 25 Doleful; 26 Outpost; 27 English history. DOWN: 1 Baby grand; 2 Yoghurt; 3 Wandering; 4 List; 5 Be yourself; 6 Belch; 7 Yellows; 8 Ages; 13 Coalfields; 15 Apparatus; 16 Earnestly; 18 Insulin; 20 Diabolo; 21 Ends; 22 Awful; 24 Moth.

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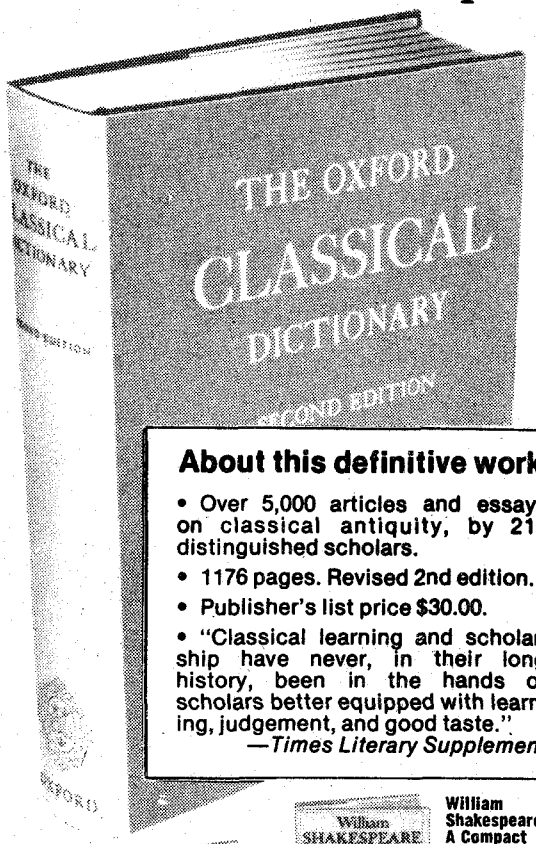

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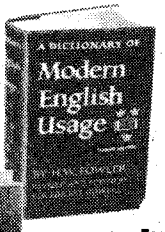

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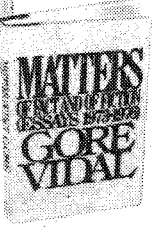

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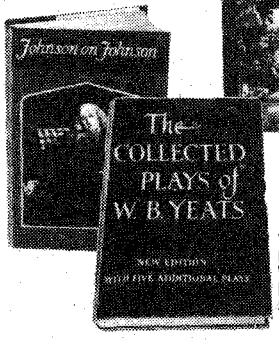

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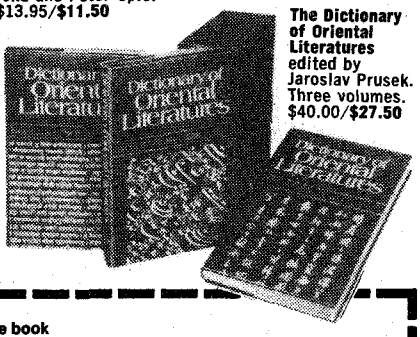

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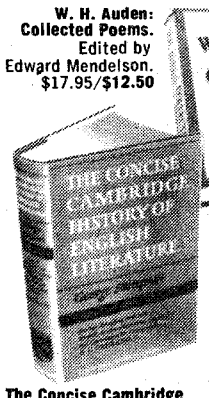

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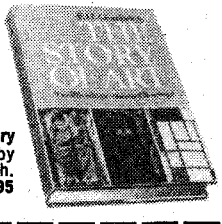

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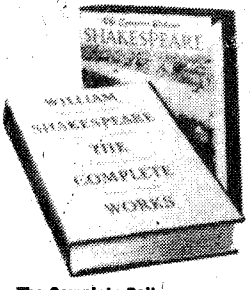

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